

The road to nothing

**Luka
van den Driesschen**

14-8-1998

Riposo

I went down to the river
And the river runs throe me
And softly she whispered
All is meant to be

I went down to the river
Her sound id my soul
And softly she whispered
All is one big whole

I went down to the river
And slowly dipped my feet
And softly she whispered
It is so nice that we meet

I went down to the river
And the river runs throe me
Sitting in the moon light
She whispered I have two sides

I went down to the river
And sat on a stone
And softly she whispered
One must die alone

15-8-1998

Hello lover

Lovers in the world...the road are no roads but a way of living
when once breath touches the air in the morning breeze.

Does it than matter where one rests its weary head.

Our inner beauty is seen throe flowers Rivers Mountains and
above all throe eyes of others is than the balance of living not in
and outside. The very mirror of our face.

One cannot know the taste of a sweet peach when we eat an apple
every day. Give and take I say is the only way.

There is no other road than being loving. Giving it back to flowers
who gave us their shine.

To rivers who helped us flow. Oh lovers it is not wrong to visit the
mountains and watch the view our inner horizon.

Beyond your horizon lies the valley of loving in bright moonlight.

Blended with the sun. And in this light is your face your wonderful
face. Authentic Moving like a river from left to right going forth to
the one place we all meet. Where death is deadliness. In a
wonderful bright light.

Your light your night.

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Hello lover**Deep very deep you find height.****For is it not so my love that by walking in the valley you see how high the mountain really is.****And so my love it is with us to be in height we have to shuffle deep down throe the night towards our light.****Removing all obstacles on the way, which are blocking the view the view to see us.****And often all to often they are our social conditions structures lye upon us in our non-awareness.****So awareness is the answer to being love.****It is not wrong to be not aware. But it is wrong when you are aware and do as if you are not. It is going against your self.****And all that goes against you goes against other. For we all are the heartbeat of the world. Beating our drum. Until silence is sounded.****The sound of being found deep oh so deep sounding so high.**

16-8-1998

Good morning lover
For years now the searcher searched for the searcher.
Travelling also in my dreams towards me.
Oh you are so selfish they say so very egoistic.
But Am I not sharing this rose with you the moon light glow the
sunshine on my face the darkest side of survival.
Making my heart bounce with joy and fear.
Going deeper in thrust seeing the moment and thoughts about
tomorrow is wasted energy seeing nothing is certain not even me.
And in this uncertainty we find security for always there are us.
You and me. Living if we allow so close with our selves.
In us oh lover friends is there high as well as the low.
The high the stair way to the stars.
If we climb higher. I cannot hand you this ladder.
It is inside you. And you are the steps in growth.
True joy true happiness.
By being in bliss.
Yes by being light a twilight zone were the sun goes down and the
moon goes up.
Where stars fill your eyes.
Where you can say I found paradise.
Where the searcher has come to end.
To search no more.
But to glow in the morning sun.
Sitting silently watching the river flowing home.

16-8-1999

Hello lover
Our life's is so often build on fear.
Fear for survival. Security for tomorrow.
This fear puts a mask on our authentic face.
Far away of who we really are.
Artist beautiful people no longer are what they are.
And yet it is these people who are the glow the shine of today
tomorrow.
Giving us a hint how wonderful life is and can be.
But we often tread them so wrongly.
Make them out us dreamers in a negative sense.
Unrealistic people dropping out of society.
But lover who ever drops out also drops inn.
Let it than be in our self's.
Being who we are.
Why you have come on this planet.
Be my lover the artist of and in your life.
Loving with care.
No matter what you do as long as this is you.
I don't like to say things are wrong.... but going against existence
is so much going against you self. It brings so much unhappiness.
Flow my lover with who you really are.
No matter what the price is.
No matter what the cost.
As long as it is in loving.
And it is love.
Being in you your nature.
You talent.
Your song of life.
Sang by you.
And others can listen.
For its Gods melody being played throe you.

17-8-1999

Hello lover
The basic of us all is survival.
It's coming forth from the lowest part in us.
It forces us my love to use the mind and live in greed.
In wanting always more.
And society your manufactures know this.
They play to be your mirror look they say how wonderful this is.
This will make you happy.
Oh they say you are so bored listen to the radio.
Or here is a televise.
Not telling you that it may destroy you natural being.
Going deeper.... that you can have a wonderful view of you.
And listen to your heart song.
They play on your emotions. And you buy any thing.
Looking searching for that one fulfillment in your heart.
The fullness of you.
But lovers as you well know this is not for sale.
It is a gift, which you my love have to give to your self.
The fullness of you.
And than all greed wanting falls away.
Like stones being thrown in the river only leaving rimless also to
disappear.
For you my love have become one with you.
There for with your surroundings.
Being filled with wonderful songs.
And all that you are.
And trust ahs flowered like a rose in the morning spring.

18-8-1999

Hello love

I am living of the gifts in the world.

Yesterday after seven years I have come back to Locarno to sound once more. And love I looked at the people and the people looked and listen to me. Why I have come back this friend do not know.

Drifting on the wind once more my voice took to singing and my pen is moving like a river flowing past the shore.

At the camping a wonderful little wooden house has been given to me. To be paid for when I am rich. A black cat with wonderful eyes comes to visit me. And chickens run around like chickens.

There are trees with plumbs, apples and pears and once in a while people from my country come to meet me. The moment in the Swiss seems to good to be true. A real house between trees and sometimes I walk around with a head saying is this all ok.

Than I think I see tomorrow I think my love, for I do not.

And far away I hear river Maggia thundering away quietly singing this is for you Luka this is for you. And than I turn around fry an egg and break of some bread. Seeing that acceptance is so very hard to take.

18-8-1999

Hello love

If some one in al honesty were to ask me who are you Luka I would not know what to answer. If my heart would flow like a song I would than say I am not my words not my melody. For they are like peaches on a tree. Am I than the tree someone would ask, no I would say the tree is like a flower on the earth?

Are you than the earth no I would say the earth is the sky's mirror. Than I hear you say you must be the sky no would I say than I am not the sky but a bird in flied following no road leaving no footprints? Just flapping my wings from here to here from there to there.

Sing along the way sky songs.

Some times there is rain some times there are clouds in the blinding of the sun.

Reminding me that I am flying and that any moment when I am not aware I can fall from the sky.

And land on a tree full of ripening peaches.

18-8-1999

Hello love

**Walking on a golden dream in the Switzerland where the streets
are lined with people flying by in their Ferraris BMWs or porch.
Where there Rolex watch blinks in the sun.**

I look at mine bank account and love there is non.

**Yet I feel a golden glow in my heart all is about me they say and it
is all about us.**

**I have a friend a sort of brother to who I had to say farewell in
Holland. He owns so much so very much.**

**And yet I wiped his tears from his eyes for he did not have him self.
Like so many of us. And I quested this is what my life has been al
about giving me to me. And than to you. So that you may also have
you in you're arms in the glow of your heart sharing this wonderful
light with others?**

**So often my love I have wondered about our needs also mine
living in a world of much too much. Not so long ago also I drove
away with a wardrobe full of expensive cloth stuck in an old Porch.
So very burdened by it all. And it was soon left behind for others to
take. When a heart is truly filled with love it cannot carry much else
if we travel a spiritual road.**

**For there are than only songs witch people will be sharing the very
song of loving.**

**Finding ways so that you may listen may feel the very one you are.
And often at any price at any cost sometimes with so much hurt I
keep on writing in the glow of the sun under the stars at night.**

**Softening my pain my past hurt in so many wrong places. Where I
had to find growth. And my pen keeps on flowing wanting to give
you my experience but I silently know it is not possible but I can
share so that something awakes in you, which was only asleep.**

**And far away in the distance I hear a bell-ringing saying Luka you
have to eat as well you know and pay for your rent.**

Oh yes I think than I had forgotten.

18-8-1999

Hello lover

People's greatest fear is death.

Can you really see that one day our feet will no longer touch the earth?

That no longer we breathe the air so freely given to us. That no longer we have to still our hunger.

And that our last breath is the last step of letting go of it all we have worried about so much. And death beyond our control helps us to unburden us from all we control. From all we possess.

Don't be greedy my love for one day we all have to stand naked before the pearly gate so to speak.

No luggage is allowed.

Only the fullness of your awareness. Which existence gave you in the first place in a space of time to see to feel to become to awake in. Grow my lover in to a wild flower free of all so that death is no longer a stranger to you.

And breathe your last breath with the fullness of a loving heart.

Than your letting go will be fullness a ripening leaving this world with such a glow. With such a shine.

With such a loving heart.

18-8-1999

Hello lover

Today this very moment rain there fore clouds are hanging in the sky above Ticini. They are lose like me non attached in the world.

We often my love look up to see to find to seek.

Forgetting we are the window to our universe. The door the key to endless. And that all is seen throe us if our eyes are clean our heart is to. And an other world of beauty shine's to us.

Than even clouds than even rain becomes such a joy a song on which raindrops fall creating a new melody a song unheard.

Filling your life with loving.

I am not the road my love but the traveler on some highway found the moment.

Watching incredible thoughts go by in which most of us identify.

My lesson is not to cling to any thing' not to rain not to clouds not to sun shine not to me and not to thoughts of fear.

But to watch to see and than to act. The fulfillment of nothing.

Is gods greatest gift.

There is no other. The more empty we are the more love can fill our hearts our being in loving. Which we need to shine so much in this world. Like the moon reflecting in the ocean, we are the sea.

19-8-1999

Hello love

**Transforming my thoughts in to positive ones slowly I see
gratefulness flowing in to my heart.**

**Oh I really see the want the hurt the longing the there making sure
we miss this and only this. It was my dream to live and feel secure
in what the world had to offer. I came down by car, now my feet are
touching ground.**

**And one more burden fell away. I moved on my way that must have
been 5 suitcases now I have come down to only one.**

And one more a burden dropt in to nowhere.

**Resting my body now in nature surrounded by the mountains here
in Ticini the Swiss .Oh how I love this country. I look at apples
trees full with plumbs and pears. Raindrops turning the grass once
more so green so very full. Now my heart is saying you have this
and only this. The riches of life it self. And watching my thoughts
they are worries for tomorrow wants and needs toys to play with.
A falls security. The road of nothing have I taken. Leaving a world
of empty things seeing once more that we are so full of richness
so full of blessings and that greed takes the place of gratefulness.
Just being grateful. For this and only this.**

We own nothing we only think we do.

**Even the very breath that we breathe is the breath of your fellow
human being and all plants and animals.**

Breath is the wind of living.

19-8-1999

Hello love

Moving with the river in a sunlight blaze I like to share with you this very moment.

Seeing what and who we are. For three years I was in Netherlands. Besides so many other things also healing an inner child who was still left with so much hurt so much pain. Even after so many years Of therapeutic work on me.

For three years being on radio and television being right there in the market place I have learned that the mountains lakes and oceans live in me.

It freed me of wanting. It freed me of the searcher. Now it does not matter where I am. But my heart flows in freedom to mountains lakes and rivers.

And may be the ocean watching once more the dolphins playing the song of loving so wonderfully childless. Like children of not knowing but in such an innocent wisdom so pure so whole.

Can I truly say that the end of the road often long tired and weary filled with a rose that also holds there thorn has come?

I have turned around to you sharing what I have seen felt or heard.

Now my food steps take me further. No I don't do this.

It's the breath or breeze from existence that's opening my heart even further making me be the flied. And I wonder will I turn

around once more. Fly with me and I fly with you always to you.

The face in the earth your heart in the sky.

21-8-1999

Hello love

Today is the day that I celebrate my birthday and that my love happened 54 years ago.

Is this going to be the year of my final flied?

Leaving what I had to leave behind.

The song of the singer. Mostly know to him self.

In a half a hour I sit in a bus on my way to Locarno.

Giving and taking and May I give my self a little present.

Oh lover it is true that sometimes I still hold on to fear for tomorrow. Now I sing now I write once more now I sleep well now I eat pizza at the micros on piazza Grande.

And some people thank me for singing. Lover all alone am I with my thoughts my feelings looking inside of me what is happening.

Until I stand still by a tree here on the camping full of ripening plumbs. Come take some I hear it say. I am so full have so many and taste so delicious . And love I take some and the tree is right warmth by sunlight they are a delight upon my tong.

And once more life has given her sweet breath.

Also I give to the people what belongs to them.

Music sounds, which I have grown. I am so full.

22-8-1998

Hello lover

On the whisper of the wind I am hearing it say just let it be.

Soon a deeper thrust will arise in you.

**Have you not dreamed of a little simple wooden house surrounded
by the mountains getting your own water? Now you have been
given. Have you not dreamed of only playing your own songs with
your guitar and surviving? Now you have been given.**

**Have you not dreamed of having nothing no more and living oh so
simple oh so ordinary now you have been given.**

So dance Luka its throe your dance others will, you know this.

It is a shock to you that so soon all this has come on your way.

After having been three years in Holland where your rent was paid.

**Now existence waits for you to open your heart more to the people
its beautiful. Don't hold back for it will open doors to you unknown
in the past. Once you were here in Ticini such a star.**

**Now you have come again. A grown flower shining so wonderfully
bright. Not wanting not longing and not belonging.**

Shower what needs to be showered.

And remember the man so many years ago when you were in

Athens who was hunger and you gave two bank notes.

And he gave you one back saying this is enough for today.

This is all I need. Shine over Ticini Ascona Locarno like a star.

With a twinkle in your eye.

Silently knowing all is one and one is all.

22-8-1998

Hello love

**It was and is my dream to help build a village of love in the world
prepared to take a shuffle and start building.**

**Waiting now for a miracle to happen my message has been spread
around the world via Internet and on c.d. sometimes an interview
on radio or a song is heard.**

**It's the ripening of a fruit living in me. A heavenly dream where
people of all nations will have found a home to come home.**

**A growth in this nation where so many wonderful people will have
found a mirror there fore accepting the face they are.**

And shine flowers to and in the world.

A reflecting mirror in which your authentic face can be seen.

**Showing the world that throe meditation that throe creation one
can create in loving in silence, which answers all.**

**The year 2000 can turn for oh so many in loving embrace towards
our brothers and sisters. Unite as one family.**

Now of course it is a utopia. But a flow a start has to be made.

And many have started. To fall to rise again.

It is a drop in the ocean causing many waves of love.

May be taking hundreds of years to reach every shore.

But one must start somewhere.

And it is always with you and me.

22-8-1998

Hello love

**Sitting silently in two chairs one for my feet up the sun is playing
hide and seek with the few clouds hanging in the sky.
Sunlight on my body light throe my eyes reaching my heart.
Once I listen to a discussion about people being depressed that a
good dose of light can help lift their depression. Why I than
thought don't they go where the sun shine so much like hellos
Greece. As I wrote before I my self lived in Holland the last three
years with to many drops falling on my head one year of rain every
day is a bit much and changes once way of living so much.
No rain is and can be a joy but too much of every thing is.
Dark clouds often result in dark thoughts.
Also my love we have an inner light, which can flame higher and
higher. A light upon our self. No matter where you are.
But a bit of sunshine does help.
It's like seeing your own face for the very first time.
We are so joy full so happy in the sun almost like newborn
children. Take this warmth it is your birthright. Take this light it is
your right. For behind the clouds shines the sun your internal light.
And any thing that presses on you making you depressed will be
clouds just drifting by. Close your eyes and find it thee is a light
In you but take care don't get burned we are not used to such a
strong light.**

22-8-1998

**Hello love
Just take it slow
No where to go
Just take it right**

**Don't take me wrong
This is our song
The sound of life
Sort and long**

**Just take it slow
No where to go
Let the wind blow
Just take it slow**

**No right no wrong
No wrong no right
No choice to be
Just light to see**

**No right no wrong
No left no right
Only to be
In the middle of your night**

23-8-1998

Hello love

**Today this Sunday morning the sweise Ticini Losone camping
Riposo.**

Also here I hear church bells ringing .

**So bright is the sun so light is light. Today I am missing my dear
friends. Just for a conferment in doing what I do. For I don't know.**

**Writing and singing on the streets I look around the mountains
and me embrace my hearts song. A sound, which finds it so
difficult to accept this and only this. And this is good so very good.**

**But in my deeper layers of my heart I look I think and find ways not
to accept this. Not to be grateful not to see and I want to run to a
false security. Deadly aliveness in surrounding pretending to be
secure. But in fact they make you sleep. Taking away you
responsibility of freedom.**

**Being free is being total responsible for your self. I heard Osho say
one day in India. And I seem to be aware of this more than ever.**

Feeling its weight. Being good to me so I can be good to others.

**Oh often I want to duck my head in the sand sleep longer now than
I need but the call of food rent washing of cloth is always there.**

**Oh Vincent my dear Vincent van Gogh how I understand you so
much now. Your aloneness your terrible survival method your
fears**

**The urge to give birth to a painting full of songs. Which now
millions cannot buy. And it is so right what Don MacLean sings
about you. This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you.
And that goes for all of us lovers of life.**

24-8-98

Hello love

In silence we can often listen to sounds unknown to us.

Is it not so that by sitting silently in the forest we can hear the birds sing or by looking at the river we hear the sound of running water.

They are there to quite our thoughts bringing us back to the normal beating of our heart. Listening my love is giving birth a rebirth to your being. Deep down going throe many layers in meditation there is the sound of you if you listen to your heart. And see that the mind is thought just coming and going. It's a godly sound connecting you with your inner home.

It is the sound of silence. Where existence plays its melody.

And you have become so empty so hollow like a bamboo where the wind plays its song. A channel to pass throe.

For some it is very difficult for they have not learned they have not taken the moment to listen to their heart.

But it really is so my love if for one moment we stand still and listen to our heart. The whole world fills you with the wrong song.

Created out of noise. How can you be silent in this?

Every true creator weather he or she is a poet or a singer a wonderful painter or sculpture needs this space for pure art.

All you do in loving has no doing. The greatest of art is doing nothing just giving birth. And in birth you just have to relax.

But who pays whom to relax in this world. It's the biggest conflict for an artist. And we should take great care of these people they are the love of now of this of tomorrow. They are the flower in growth.

24-8-1998

Hello love

Having just taken a walk along river Maggia in Losone I place my being in to my food steps feeling every stone underneath my feet. Crossing a newly build bridge painted red taking me to the other side

Stopping in the middle looking down seeing all the large stones shaped by the flow of the river throe hundreds of years.

Seeing once more that nature is telling us that also we are shaped in time in timeless time going nowhere.

But in our flow in our loving in our heart and soul we will take the form of being of being in love the face we are.

With out doing just sitting still and as Osho would say letting the grass grow by it self.

Just sitting still and letting existence blow throe you.

Oh river Maggia you are so full of splendor to watch with all your rocks some on shore.

Others still being shaped by your wonderful endless flow.

Here I am here I go and yet go nowhere.

Your sound is divine and your endless moving the flow of being home like a bird in flied.

Your story is mine story by the glory on earth underneath a bright blue sky you being the artist shaping me in nature.

Giving us a change to open our eyes once more in purity seeing that the mighty hand of nature shapes all to the hand of nature. If we let things be. If we let God be.

30-8-98

Hello love

Looking throe my window on this Sunday morning the camping is pretty well deserted for here the end of the season has come and Tuesday the first of September will fill our day.

The air is quit almost peaceful and in the distance I hear a car racing by. The time is 8 o'clock in the morning.

So far my flied for the second time to the sweise has greatly been filled with wonder.

What I had dreamed of to do in Greece on the island Santorini has for a few weeks happened here.

A little simple house with no running water among the trees between the mountains I sleep. Cooking my meals on a gas bottle. And when darkness has come I can switch on the light.

Pay me they said when you are rich how could I tell them that I am so rich already .A greater gift than money fills my heart fills my heart in this almost impossible society.

Sometimes greed also fills the air in me. It makes my heart so cold.

Like seeing a large color TV. Standing outside the shop it was a used one. How much do you want I asked the man? Looking deep in to my eyes he smiled and said take it. And I toke it.

Some one from the camping helped me to bring it home.

And it worked. Why I wonder so often watching last films of nature in Alaska giving up one thing for the other.

Thrusting deep inside. I got it all so soon so very soon the only struggle was my mind. Learning to accept learning to let go.

25-8-1998

Hello love

Looking for the hidden in me it's my way to have it revealed all by its self. A very strong wind is blowing throe me taking me to silence and rest. What ever I undertake turns around like a hurricane and at night I empty my pockets, which were nearly empty any way.

Refused once more to sing on the streets in Ticini be course of a film festival. I turned around to take the bus back to my little wooden house in the mountains. Filling my nights with dreams. Oh Ticini my love for you grows every day. Like a few years ago when I shared my song in your hotels and restaurants. Where thousands shared a light passing throe me.

Now the wind is showing me this face of you to make it complete. I am grateful to place my footsteps on your earth and breath freely the mountain air. Is this my last good bay to you? Filling the little holes left in my heart. Besides so much joy here last time I left you with such a fear in my heart. Where there is so much light there is also so much darkness. And I run away from your dark side. But this time let me keep eating as well.

And I do in this wonder moment. Where rain has found its sleep. And clouds just drift over head saying hello Luka you are welcome. Which way glorious moment do you take your next step or should I not ask. Coming as a star I twinkle in your blessing don't take away the twinkle to at least not so soon. Until Luka has sang his final song to his friends his people in there sleep.

Wake up I want to sing life is so beautiful and your are life if you feel being alive. And every beat of your heart takes one to this and only this. For the moment it stops death stares you in the face. And an other journey has begun.

30-8-1998

Hello lover

Never have I tried to be a writer never have I tried to sing or
compose. Simple I listen to the sounds of nature and my heart.
Learning to see that life is oh so simple and much to often we are
the complication. The problem is making it a problem.
Once my love we see this we can solve most things or it just
disappears. Stepping aside of what is one can stand in bliss.
And look objectively. To turn round what needs to be turned.
Moving places seeing the other side of the medal.
Giving energy to positive fields. Often a man like me has wondered
why Am I on the earth and so many others do as well each one in
there own way.
And I see my love that it was a ripening a process of inner growth
so very miss understood by so many. And there for also by me.
For one needs a mirror to see to find to learn. And my search was
that of my reflection for what already is awake in me.
One cannot let go of his sadness when he is not sad.
One cannot let go of any thing, which is still pressed down
Slowly I began to see the meaning of life and death.
That they are not separate. But are alive as one.
And in this force of breath for we are no more and no less than
that.
We all come across moments of this. The kiss of living.
Of love of being loving. Often found first throe the other.
And when you really let go by you alone.
Seeing that your breath is the breath of all that is alive.

30-8-1998

Luka can you give us your vision

Of the year 2000.

**Dear friends the year 2000 is no more than the year 2000.
There is no need for fear.
But there is a need to look what is now.
Which way are we growing and when we really see this we can
transform change things for the better.
Often we have to go back to go forward taking yesterday in to day.
Live simple and UN afraid. And find out what love really is all about.
Grow always to loving to being love than the year 2000 and many
years there after will happened to you for the better and not for the
worth. Every seed can turn in to a flower.
Make contact with nature this will make you natural.
Be joyful with a great full heart for the little things given and you
will see that the road to the year 2000 will be a happening a
wonderful happening for you there for to others.
Don't be afraid for tomorrow for it is utterly foolish.
How can you be afraid for something, which is not there?
May be we are afraid of us of death of suffering.
One day we will die any way. Some of us will suffer so what is the
point. This we can change and only this.
Starting with you with me.
And the year 2000 is just an other date.
In a space of millions of years. Just look were we are going.
Is it love is it growth is it destruction.
No lover fear will not help you but you can help your self to fear.
But also to the flower you are in loving grace and share it with
others. A seed ready to sprout.
Freedom knows of no fear. Just be aware.**

30-8-1998

Luka can you tell us about tomorrow.

Its almost as I have to repeat my self how can I tell you about
tomorrow when this day has not ended.
Even I do not know my next step.
It al just happened and I let it happened when it feels right.
I look at television and see that the roebel has dropped in value.
May be tomorrow it will be worth more than the dollar who knows.
No lover no friend I look at the path.
The way of life and so can you are we going left are we going right.
And when I have learned to listen to a silent heart I will see that I
have taking a road one going left a other going right and that the
middle is the way.
Temperatures are rising all over the world many people are being
killed in wars aggression is raising to madness. So many die of
hunger. I cannot help but see that others who have so much other
have so little. And every one should have enough for there is
enough for us all.
But give your brothers and sisters a change with out it they will
not survive. The most natural people in the world are being
trampled upon. Look at the Indians look at the aboriginals and so
many others. They are the most pure of heart the most loving but
we make them so angry. And our earth is angry.
For we rob it of its beauty. All we tread with disrespect will in time
disrespect us.
All that is unkind unloving falls back on us for its heavy and all
that is heavy falls. Love is light.

31-8-1998
Hello love

Hitting the last day of August in Ticini the sun is bringing warmth
once more while the rest of Europe is full of clouds and rain.
Two weeks of sunshine in Holland is not much.
Standing now on the threshold of winter it is good that I let go.
The simple things of life start to matter so much to me.
The fruits on the wonderful trees.
Nature in its entire splendor.
The food which I am able to buy is a present for me every moment
of the day.
A feast when the taste is right an apple from the tree plugged with
my own two hands a blessing.
And the few things left still belonging to me such a gift to look at.
Its value seems to have doubled. Oh love how I love this life so
much all so simple so ordinary . So close to me the emptiness of
living being so full and wanting to share my heart is over flowing.
And softly I place my food steps on the ground step by step I
breathe the breathe of living and dying and I walk on always on.
Singing writing looking at land chards saying here I can go to sing
my song.
And always hearing Osho whispering in my ear freedom is being
responsible for every thing we do, for all you are and going to be.
And more and more I become aware of this.
Make your day I say, Its yours, Its mine, and every day is a gift
which we can fill with our dreams and let it come alive in us and
than others.

3-9-1998

Hello love

While yesterday there were only clouds today in all of Ticini rain keeps pouring down.

And I listen to them fall on the roof of my little wooden house.

The radio is playing soft flute music in the background.

These are the moments I love so very much. It's a great change to relax. Why I keep asking my self has my dream come true so soon Or Am I just getting a taste for later.

While I wanted to hang out the star once more in the Swiss to make my dream come true finding on my way some money between the millionaires for a village called love my wonderful crazy dream. And go to Greece live oh so simple there like I do now. Existence is a miracle. How often have I not understood things afterwards. Also the so many tears that I cried.

Would revile its true meaning after I let them flow.

And I see this by so many other people when they are sad.

The mind stands in the way asking themselves why do I feel sad.

The asking blocks the flow of tears which we need to clean our heart to come home to be really touched, by you.

And so it is with much of our life's living from the heart looking back that clear vision can be seen of our river streaming towards the ocean being in touch with your horizon, which you know is not really there. The road to nothing and yet all so beautiful.

Beauty...full. Full with beauty. Each moment that we have lived which means also have died comes a life your awareness in a higher form showing us step by step the face we are why we are.

And than looking back will be seen in the moment. How crazy this may sound to you. But yesterday is alive in today. And the moment carries on like a river flowing like a breath upon the wind the deeper you breath the stronger the wind. For on the breath of living we are alive in death in the fullness of nothing.

3-9-1998

Luka can you tell us why you write what you write

And sing what you sing.

Singing and writing is for me one circle one cannot do with out the other. I sing so that I can write I write so that I can sing.

It has given me so much in life.

So much insight in to my being and there for also in to others.

It was a slow process of inner growth and still is.

For you see never have I been a writer a singer how can I tell you that it is others who put a stamp on me? A hold putting me in there categories their sight.

Me I just do something, which I cannot stop. Can we stop the moon from shining the stars from twinkling thee wind from blowing?

And the older I became the more the more sunlight my roots became the stronger this force awakened in.

Oh it was always there even as a child but my mind has always said no to it. Condition, social process,

Until I came closer to my heart closer and closer crying a million tears of having wandered a way from my authentic face.

Also being your self can be a burden a cross to carry.

For one does not live alone we are one with the world. And when we don't recognize our own voice we are bound to wonder of in all directions. Fear conditions of our self's and of others the cheap that follow.

Oh yes I paid a high price for the way I am living and still pay.

The price most of us don't want to pay.

But for me it has been good and still is.

And Luka wants it to be good for you to in your growth your light.

In your song of life live in light and all is all right.

Your path has long ago been paved to find the stars the star you are.

Twinkle in your night.

3-9-98

Hello love

You have so often looked in to my eyes asking many times are you real Luka? And my answer can only be yes I am. Walking the path from unreal to real. From death to deadliness. Sure there have been unreal mask and still they appeared sometime.
But for something to be pure something has to be impure.
And sometimes we only focus our eyes on the impure. Holding on to the past of someone. One needs cleans eyes to see. I have seen this so often in to many ugly places.
But let me tell you a saint has not always been a saint.
No criminal has always been a criminal.
I have meet many criminals in my life also rapist and murderers.
And seen and felt many pure moments in there hearts. Also in mine.
Sometimes even more so than by non-criminal people.
Or the once to clever not to be caught.
Its not easy to be real it ahs to do with the deepest part in us the pearl in the ocean. Our authentic face . We have to break away the shell first to find this shining pearl glistening in the sun. And its so wonderful for every shell has a pearl. Every human has a heart a soul.
To bring it to light. So that it can reflect in to the world.
Don't ever feel quality for what you have done or for who you are.
You were not alone in this world also the rain shapes the flowers.
But rather look at why all happens be course it happens .
And you will discover the pearl in the ocean the seed in love.
If your eyes are clean and your heart is silent.
Yes I am real in all I do and have done accepting my shortcomings.
Just short of coming.

3-9-98
Hello love

There is no hope if there is such a thing than there is only hoping that there is hope.
Hope is the devils elbow pushing the moment away.
We may come to the moment to be in the moment.
And in the moment we can change things.
Or keep on hoping that there is hope.
Hoping is like wanting to be loved you are wanting and not being loved.
A hopeless person is someone one for some not for every body.
Its difficult to take away the hope of some one for it is non existent.
Its not there it is fiction a creation of the mind.
And who wants to drop the mind many do but don't want to pay the price. In Meditation true creation there is no hope these way are hopeless. Maybe that's why so many people all over the world call these beautiful artist hopeless people dropped out of society.
But so many have dropped in to them self's for there lays all the answers. I say unto you be hopeless but not helpless.
Help your self to you. And you may be of help to your brothers and sisters the very friends to receive your gift so they can give also.
Just sharing. No hope is not but you are. Take the bull by the horns
And you got the bull no bull shit.

4-9-1998

Hello love

Riposo Riposo Riposo my heart is saying relax relax relax in all you do. And you doing will be non-doing. But a wonderful flow in your life. Dreaming the dream and seeing her reality.

I touch the flow of the river sometimes with a little struggle wanting to go the other way but the current has never been so strong.

Cutting me lose of the two sides in life the river finding her own way deep thrust in me is needed. No choice is there.

Oh strong flows were do you take me?

Now that I dropped so much. Let go of so many making the circle round.

Like the sun the moon the earth in all her splendor.

Deeper you touch in to me giving my self the depth of life.

So silent sometimes a little frightening like dying to the past.

Dates and dreams appear before my very eyes. Slowly tasting death on my lips expanding my heart like so often only now I am more aware. Dying like a flame of a candle finding her way in to darkness.

A light am I a wanderer in the world looking at time life flashes of past happenings here I am my heart sings wishing to hear a deeper song in my heart the last step in to nothing.

Where a man of light shines in the night.

4-9-1998

Luka can you tell us why you have taken this path

In your life?

Many years I was an unloved child much rejected always in the way and often still I am being in the way.

To often miss understood and being trample upon.

And I see and have seen this happened to so many wonderful flowers. Being so much rejected as a child not loved not wanted One loses it Centrum and wanders far away from it and this can give great fear when you stand in a world alone not even knowing your aloneness being with your self brings much unhappiness big clouds.

And I did not know what lived in fear for fear is very much alive.

And I wanted to find out. First I took medication. And after a very long road it was meditation that freed me from fear. And filled my breath with a great inner freedom. It allowed me to see to feel to touch unknown worlds in me.

Also bringing me in contact with many people in the field of psychology . But it was and is an endless road.

And I even landed in the heart of a wonderful master Osho in India. Who has now left his body but lives forth in so many hearts books and tapes. He understood before I did he saw before I saw what Luka was all about. And he started by giving me the name Alok Gayaka which means singer of light.

So much still I had to go true relive again for so much has happened to me in my life of which I had no insight no understanding. I am a wonderful crazy Luka and Alok Gayaka Thank full for so much so very much. And I seek ways to share this gratefulness with your heart I cannot do other wise it's the very breath on which I am alive. Going true many layers of breath. So I can finely sing to you a song of truth but it is my truth but maybe just may it can awake yours. For I have been and seen you In places which should not exist in the world.

With hate we reach nowhere but true loving does.

Born out of my tears old pains from behind bars and crazy hospitals.

Hello love Riposo

You have so often ask about my self and of course me wondering who you are. And why you are.

Often my love I look at nature and it seems that only we ask this question. Is it not the same as if we ask were is my home.

Where am I?

Once we have found our home we don't seem to ask this any more.

But who am I who are you can be the first step to come home to your being. There are quit a few meditations to help you.

Once you have seen your roots they find depth in the earth you may lose sight from time to time but it will come back to you like the mist around a mountain disappearing in the morning sun.

You need to se your misty road to be on the right path.

Roots find depth in the earth so that you can fly higher and higher.

But remember a plane or a bird needs a good place to land.

And maybe this is what we are a living breath always living forth on the wind where all is possible to grow upon.

And we are the creators and the more loving we do this the greater the shine. The more magnificent the light.

And light touches light. Finding its way home.

Feeling sincerely that I have given you some answer.

To who I am to who you are where you are and where I am.

There are many roads to take many mountains to cross.

Bear this cross it's the cross road of life.

And once you are across there is no turning back.

For nothing will be the same again you have tasted Nirvana.

4-9-1998

Luka can you tell us if

You are enlightened

No I cannot tell you this.
If I am I would not tell if I am not I would also not say.
I am a blessed man often so blessed that it brings tears to my eyes
of being grateful. This gratefulness' flows like a river in to a song
poem silence purification.
Being slowly crystallized with often the burden of the other seeing
your blindness your sleep. Your endless traveling to places where
no light is. In alcohol in drugs greed for wealth.
And all my heart sings is come this is you way try it. And even this
I cannot really do.
For we all have our growth. But some I see are ready and for these
I sing for they can listen.
It was Jesus who said let the dead bury the dead.
And I want to say this to you as well some seeds are not ready to
sprout no matter how much water or fertilizer we give.
I sing for the rebels not the followers.
People that have grown their own roots so they can flower.
And I hold a rose it is my rose it has being given to me in loving
grace in my hands and slowly I learned to place it in my heart.
So that you can smell her fragrance and recognize yours.
I am so ordinaries even my songs and writing contain often no
mind words so they can come home to your heart. Ring a bell your
bell. Slowly like me crystallizing step by step along the way with
out ending.
Growing closer to nature with earth underneath my feet.
In a blessing sun and moon. Already we are what we are we just
have to awake to see letting our heart be pure and our eyes clean.
And follow no one but your footsteps.

6-9-1998
Hello my love

Outside of my front door the rooster with his two chickens are
calling again and again.
Already I have given them twice something to eat this morning.
But they keep on coming taking the easy way so not to have to dig
for food them self's they found a friend like me of giving.
In so many ways we people are like that.
Luka sings his song and some say dig for your own food.
Misunderstanding that this is my creation to share take it or leave
it.
And my river cannot flow an other way.
Yesterday on my way to the river here in Ticini in Losone I stopped
to watch horse jumping never have I seen this before only on
televise.
There were two horses that refused to jump a double high hurdle I
think it's called. And then women rider hit the horse so hard with
her whip twice he refused the third time he jumped and this time I
saw that a loving hand was being given.
An other horse dancing in the field looking so very beautiful a
black stallion had refused tree times and was disqualified.
Dancing almost like a child he left the field with her rider.
Later I went down to the river looked in to the water and saw that
the last horse was me. Refusing to jump when told to.
Dancing in the field making sounds of joy.
And so often being hit so unloved but I kept dancing I kept singing
Even thought the hurts the pain. Now the dance remains the song
is still is. And the whiplashes did leave some scars.
It takes the force of river Maggia to keep on being who we are.
And my tears are blended in a river flow al the way to the ocean.
Home were not horse has to jump but a dance has sprang like a
fountain of love in natural being.

6-9-1998
Hello love

Once more in Ticini the sun is warming my body.
 Relax the sun is telling me. But something else is not receiving
 any rays of the sun.
 Luka has also been told to leave his little house in one-week time.
 To go where?
 Also the police are being very difficult about permission to sing
 and move me on like a gypsy.
 Singing in the Swiss is this time not as easy as one thinks.
 How lucky I must have been some years before getting a contract
 in the great la Palma in Mural to singing from there balconies or in
 the restaurant. How blessed I was to be with Eddie and Maya in the
 st'petro in the wonderful place Ascona. Singing night after night
 The songs I wanted to sing and the people wanted to hear.
 The light always the light. The song I wrote for eddy you are my
 brother. And he looked so much like me. Oh yes I met him again
 this time he had lost his restaurant. And now runs a second hand
 store and something to do with investing. A wonderful man.
 My river my inner river is taking her own flow her own direction
 And I go with it there is no other way its force is so strong I simple
 cannot go against it I am dying.
 Camping Riposo has been more than kind to me letting me stay for
 one month. Now they close down.
 And the flow says go Luka of course its Greece Athens and than
 my
 Island Santorini my beloved mystic island with Lula Nicos
 Catherine
 And maybe papa Babanies if he is still alive.
 This time Ascona Locarno mural to don't bring me the energy
 which I need to sing with a loving heart. Camping Riposo was the
 good thing. Living in nothing just the simple things in life. But one
 needs to survive one need to eat and travel on and I don't have the
 money. Maybe no longer can I sing for closed hearts.
 Children are still so open and innocent.
 Dammar with my wonderful son in Germany is sending me the
 money to move out of the Swiss in to Italia and in one week it
 should have arrived at the post office.
 Greece her I come if the money does arrive.
 And my voice starts singing again really singing.
 Ticini I just had to see you one more time. Eddie Ernst I had to
 shake your hand look you in the eye.
 River Maggia my friend what's there to say?
 The sound of your ever-flowing river is my song it goes on and on.

11-9-98

Hello love

It is today that my heart holds its tears and fears planning to sing on the streets of Locarno if the polish gives me permission. Rain has taken place for the sun and a cold front is reaching the mountains. Soon very soon I have to leave the Swiss.

The little money dammar has send me from Germany has not reach my pockets as yet. There is unrest in my heart never has a journey been so different so against my wishes its almost like my right is saying this and my left pulls me of in a other direction like the wind got hold of me. My cloth my car my installation to sing once more in the great hotels are all gone all is left is my pen to write this and my guitar.

The planning to leave for Greece might as well not having taking place for also that money seems to be lost at this time.

Life is now a daily living moment-to-moment trust is the answer.

Where is Hanes stark of Basel or Bern who I once met a film director from the Swiss having heard me sing in the la Palma And wanted to make a film about my songs and my life its not happening. Yes life is a daily living which I stated in freedom. Meeting wonderful people on my way. Like Mark and Siri from the state of Oregon in America where once I touched my feet to see Osho wanting to find my self. My master who once gave me the name Alok Gayaka singer of light. Mark and Siri she having a baby.

wonderful people with a deep soul and warmth dreaming of a Island in Canada my dream a village called love. And not impossible They are so wonderfully young with such a life ahead. Two days ago I walked beside the river towards Minusio on Della river where seven years ago I slept in my car and wrote good morning rose flower. At first my eyes were closed and I did not see the beauty which I saw than. Than as if in one instance my eyes were clean my heart open and I realized hat beauty lives in me the refection is my soul. And that I need a deeper thrust in towards existence accepts of this and not that. Of today and not tomorrow. And where ever I am I am. But its hard oh so hard. Being surrounded in a society of which mostly live for tomorrow. And some think I am crazy no not some most of them.

11-9-1998

Hello love

It is today that my wonderful little son of 5 years and his mother Dammar are walking the streets of Rethymnon on the Island of Crete. In the light of hellos my beloved Greece. To which I am on my way. And be course of lack of money and the wind pushing me in an other direction I don't seem to get there.

A wind blowing with and against me. It has also been seven years ago when I was in India in Poona with Osho when he left his body. It was than that a strong voice in my heart spoke build a Centrum on the island of Santorini a village called love for creators and mediators. Not ready my self for such a large step I waited seven years preparing my self by bringing out c.d.'s giving interviews on radio and many more and not to forget the world wide website With my songs and poetry all in the hands of MS.music.hellos. Now I am ready living two faces the one of the wanderer and the other singer of light slowly these two have or can melt together. In thrust in being coming to a final ending of a new beginning. What is called our lost Atlantis.

54 years of age I am now struggling to survive in this mad mad world. Slowly to awake my dream in sincerity in purity Learning to see that security for me is the fool's way.

And only the wonderful crazy people see they can awake a dream.

12-9-1998

Hello love

Saturday late in the afternoon it is.
Once more I had to hear that no money has arrived from Germany.
So Luka took a deep breath what to do?
Riposo my heart is slowly singing relax. And I sat down by the lake
In Locarno and the sun warmth my heart later that day I had a
delicious peace of pizza from the micros slowly counting how
much money was left. Than I saw a pension a little hotel saying 22
franc's a night only to be told it was sleeping together with 22
people and also booked out for days. My state of relaxing was
once more disturbed. Why do the polish make it so difficult for me
to sing on the streets my last survival method.
There is a clown from brazil no permit and they leave him alone.
He is very beautiful and good silently he stands there in a flow of
light blowing kisses to the people when they have given him some
money. 45 years of age he is he told me doing this for two years
now sleeping at a friends place. No hotel bills he seemed so
blessed
And blessed. And after hugging him I walked on brought some
chocolate and took the bus back to my little wooden house still
there in the wet grass expecting any moment to hear now you
must go Luka one week has passed already. But where?
Monday says my heart you try once more to get permission to sing.
And see if the money is there. And who knows maybe I can stay
one more week in this house which I have grown to love so much.
All is closed now even the showers don't work any more.
Riposo Luka.

12-91998
Hello love

Today it is Saturday thundering and lighting are filling the air.
And have kept me partly awake last night.
Deep in my heart there is great fear and my head is spinning.
But find so much loving in my heart when I see that I am on my
way to Greece my beloved Island Santorini. But when ?
It has been such a crazy trip with so many obstacles in the way
If one wants to see them and I am seeing things but it is not clear
what is happening to me two winds are blowing in my heart and
the answer is to relax. Left there is a river flowing. The right the
stones in the river and the stone are directing the flow. Like the
fear of survival. But seeing now my dream oh so clear.
A village of love. Me holding a spade in the earth.
Oh river take it easy with me I am a dreamer in this wild wild world.
Flow me down to Greece with a loving heart in deep trust.
Thrusting that love is in my heart and existence embracing me.
I am dying in to the last steps of my heart beating one.

12-9-1998
Hello Luka

**Can you really tell us what is going on with you.
This very moment?**

**Oh lover in the world my heart seems to hit a lot of rocks mind
filling thoughts of fears for tomorrow than relaxes in to a state of
being. Not understanding what is going on any more.**

**I seem to see a flow which is no longer there I seem to want to
choose when no longer a choice is there.**

**And a heavy spirit throws me from one side to the other toughing
deep fears and always in such moments like these I seek a false
security now I want to see what happens to me.**

**The last words of the Brazilian clown on the streets were no work
no money and he kept on blowing kisses to the people.**

**Some times I hear Jesus say let this cup pass me by and often
Luka feels like this to. Touching a string in me which has been
there for so long covered with fear of survival total trust sings my
heart.**

**Maybe this is what I need in my further growth and certainly in
seeing a village come alive. Thrust maybe never have I really
known you. But I don't know you see it is the first time I start to be
aware of this. No work no money I wonder no sing no ping.**

13-9-98

Hello love

Thrust thrust where are you in my heart?

Its Sunday morning and it is this day that I should leave my little house. I have not spoken to the women owner to stay a little longer.

The camping has really closed so soon. No shower no electricity. The weather forecast is pretty good and I am still waiting for money to get me on the way to Greece.

Being there to place my footsteps in my dream village of love.

A call placed in the world it eases my heart my soul. Wishing that when I am there a great flame arises in my heart an energy of lovers around the globe beautiful people gathered together to create and meditate. But why all this fear in my heart song it is the right path to travel. Or is it my doubt still so much alive in me.

How can I forget my last interview on radio Hilversum with wonderful understanding and feeling insight of Pip Ausums and Jan klomp. When we spoke of a village in Greece and suddenly young women there put her hands to her face and said as long as it does not become a city. How serious had I been taken how grateful to radio Hilversum to so many there pushing my records trying to make a hit even making a clip for televise.

Yesterday when I spoke of this to Mark and Siri they listen intense. And Mark from Oregon said there is enough money there to make a city. Their eyes were pure and clean of heart young people who did not call me a fool. But see my dream awake in a world so fast asleep. But also enough they're for more than a village.

Santorini blow your trumpet. Here Luka comes.

13-9-1998

Hello love

Just now playing my Yamaha acoustic guitar going throe my songs for me the melody line and words brought warmth to my heart.

All these lines all these words all these songs throe out the years not wanting it any other way.

All those roads all those countries all those hotels restaurants all those wonderful people. Now there seems to be left only my guitar and me. Filling my heart with sounds I plugged from the air like grapes on a grape vine. And each grape singing come drink me I am your heavenly song. Bringing me to this the relation with my inner self. If that is flowing all is flowing.

If this is good all is good. Having left my so-called securities behind.

I am being given a taste of me. So the road is no road when endless growth is giving. The life I lead. Find growth in growth my heart tells me awareness on a boundless scale touching deep beyond any fear left. Making me drunk with joy and happiness.

How else can one shine for others if we don't shine for our selves. Is life not often an unlearning a decondition of what has been pasted on to us. So that we can seek what is real.

Only than can this world survive in a blessed light the light of you the light of all.

13-9-1998
Hello love

It was two days ago that I watch the President of the United States of America Bill Clinton saying on television that he was very sorry that he lied on TV. To all the people and his friends and that he had sinned. No one is perfect also I am not Oh I'm not a president and never will be. A sometimes to humble singer singing his songs.

But my eyes do hear do see the judgment of others.

When one does not live according to one's expectations forgetting that we are human to learn to seek our true heart.

We often expect so much of others there for of our selves to.

That we have no time not a single moment of being grateful of who we are with all we are with all its failures and I should not even call it this for life is a flowing growing on this way on the other way.

Meeting one and other in one light. The light of creation.

And let me say it is imperfection that leads us on the road to us.

For is it not so that when you have fallen you learn to stand.

A child does. And so do we all our thorns are the growth of a rose.

To reach for it you may hurt your hand but heals your heart.

I sincerely feel that I hold a rose in my hands not without thorns.

And some of you are hurt by it.

I can not be without thorns.

13-9-1998

Hello love

And it was today that my whole soul with feet stood upon a large glittering rock along the shoreline of river Maggia here in Losone. Listening to the sound force of the river flow.

Looking down at thousands of rocks all shaped by rivers flow glittering in Ticini sunlight. Seeing the mighty beauty of the hand of existence. Even a stone has become the shape of nature by sitting silently doing nothing. And my heart wanted to speak to these form given rocks. Wake up and see how wonderful you are. Glittering in the sun like that. And I did so almost silently but there was no answer no reaction. But suddenly in my imagination my fantasy.

The rocks became people. See I said with a heart full of loving how beautiful you are. Now why I wandered would I want to say some thing like that. And suddenly out of nowhere one large rock which I had overlooked shining so bright said with a dark brown voice. If we see the shape we are in we can also see our beauty. How often have we not spoken of look at the shape your inn not knowing not seeing that our true shape already exist. And keep on looking at the dust of our inner diamond. How could I answer this rock being so right? And I gave my answer silently to the river Maggia that carried it for me so wide so far so endless.

13-9-1998
Hello love

Slowly very slowly

My heart is dancing on the river home bed silently listening to my heart. It is ok it really is ok. And it is ok for all of us.

Slowly very slowly I am seeing that my silent heart moves my pen without sound flowing forward like leaves blowing in the wind.

Finding a last place to rest.

Oh yes I am the leaf on a tree the tree of life of which I searched for so long. Not seeing its roots not seeing its flowers and seeds.

Not seeing me. And there for letting others run over me.

And I run over others. We my love can only find true reconnection when we recognize who we are there are many meditations calling for this. When we don't know we can start to know.

And our eyes will hold the glory of the sun and the moon.

Together in endless being for there rest your internal answer.

There lies my answer.

13-9-1998

Hello love

Oh I like to say I know how to live.

But often so very often don't know how to survive and holds out a hand to survive. Waiting for something to drop inn. For all I do can have no price no payment. It is a gift from me to you. And nothing can replace that with goods.

I am born in this time in this world that thinks other wise a system not really belonging to my world. There for so misunderstood.

Even I find it difficult. So very often I feel with Vincent van Gogh and many others artist sharing from the holy fire beautiful people who see. But see not how to survive. And the world is as it is. Also they do not know.

**18-9-1998
Hello love**

It is today while the sun burns my body that I was able to buy my train ticket to Italia Ancon a taking a boot there to Greece. My heart is pounding away being neither happy nor unhappy. Maybe a little sad this is how I wanted to live on my beloved Island Santorini. A little money has come my way both from singing on the streets and in restaurants with only my guitar. And from Germany. It will be to late for me to meet Dagmar and my son Daniel on the island of Crete they will have left for Germany. Today and yesterday there is only one chicken left to feed the rooster has gone and so has one of her chicks. I hate to think what happened to them. I do not know. Yesterday I washed my self on the veranda with a bottle of water as all douses were with out water and some how I seem to love this way of living so much it really is amazing what one can do with one bottle wash you hair brush your teeth was your hands and the rest of your body. I have seen this once walking the streets of Singapore And in India were these things are often so normal for some people. It makes me feel so close to nature so relaxed. Now I am on my way once more and all I seem to think about is how much weight can I carry. Every kilo seems too much and there is always my guitar in one hand. I guess that's always the things we Carry so many things in life and now I have to depart with even more. But also in our hearts in our minds we have so much often the burden of it all. I want to be weightless so I can reach a height in me coming to you and you to me. I blew a kiss to the clown. Oh how I love him. Thank you clown for bringing a smile upon my lips and a twinkle to my eye you are the greatest. Wind of silence where do you take me?

4-10-1998

Beloved

Crete

And here I am and I am here where I belong.
So many tears are running finding me in the ocean of loving.
Now I hear is the moment of which to morrow grows of which
yesterday is gone.
Now I hear the Cretan sun shines on you loving being.
And the stars enlighten your eyes. So that your sleep is a peaceful
one. Where waters run quietly flowing to the fountain of a living
dream. Awakening in each drop of rain. In every breath of living
death. Dying to oneness. So all nations can awake.
And drink the frequents of your rose ready to sprout.
In to a village of love.

Little steps are being taken in growth.
Being in the ocean where pearls are sitting in a shell in a
moonlight bay. I look around and people going in and out of
nowhere.
And my heart jumps from song to song in a beautiful hotel along
the shore. And my melody bounces on the waves caring it for
miles around. Bringing tears to some peoples eyes. And we all
laugh and we all cry and we all dance. On the rhythm of the waves
pounding on the beach oh how open we are under the bright stars.
Me letting existence take over my voice and the light touches so
many hearts. Some wonderful people follow me from hotel to hotel.
And my c.d. and video films they made find their way to there
home for a rainy day. How blessed I am that Panickos the owner of
the hotel let me sing at the end of the session.
And my heart sings on when I am alone I am just Luka and you are
you. We are all paving our way to the stars.
Opening our eyes opening to our song our face in the race. Which
no one will give to you but you?
Which covered you layer with layer of dust. Putting curtains in
front of your eyes. Not seeing your being. Making you a slave in
the hands of so many dictators.
Hating free people. For then there hands have no grip.
You can open these curtains and an other play starts to play.
To be or not to be.
In your village your home coming home.

5-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

And so many meet me in them self's.
And me in them friends on my path dreaming no longer.
Turning left nor right. But going strait to there hearts desire.
Of and in loving growth. Where all can meet in a flowing flow.
Where one can learn to stand when one has fallen.
Where one can learn to fly after searching for so many roads.
To walk on heavens dream opening up her pearly gates.
Now one eye open in a dream for all.
And slowly I see steps being taken to enter the inner growth of
being. Wishing for a village of love It's a beautiful dream.
My heart hears friends are saying.
And silently my heart is seeing that is every ones wish every ones
dream. Being love, and that a village is the shell of giving birth to
something so wonderful so magnificent. A life in all women and
men and children. The seed of loving. Growing in to a flower.
The earth gives us all. The stars that we are.

Beloved

**4-10-1998
Crete**

And in my dream is a dream.

And in that dream an awakening of bright light.
Flaming its way higher and higher and higher.
Flaming forward catching fire all around.
Lights creation in all growth in all splendor.
Go easy my love my ears are hearing my heart is saying.
And my feet dance the silent sound on stones pebbles.
Where so many have walked upon Cretans earth before.
Welcome is the sound of the wind turning the olive leaves to silver
and the sun to gold.
And Rethymnon moonshines upon so many others and me.
Bringing a smile upon my heart. And warm tears to my eyes.
Welcome speaks the wind once more to your inner and outer
paradise. Welcome to holding your spade to build your village.
A flame a light in all.

6-10-1998

Beloved

Crete

And in the morning awareness gave birth.
And the night brought sleep to the people.
Some never to awake in morning's sunlight.
But to breath in darkness not finding the depth of living death
which is one circle the circle of being love.
Like left and right depth and height.
The shore of being in wings of flight bringing day and night the
mighty balance of life's creation.
Creating ones own.
Completing our growth to flower and saw seed upon the earth to
flower once more for our children children.
Like birds feathers in flied of being.
Strong we are to be week. Week we are to be strong.
Our heart tells us all in silence of being one.
Creating creation. Flowing forth like the mighty river flow of the
river of which fountains were made to sprout in eternity.
Bubbling with joy like an innocent child.
Not knowing, growing in not knowing.
The day that you think you know is the day that you should say
I don't know.
Being once more the child you are.

9-10-1998

Beloved

Crete

And deep is the seed of flowering.
Fighting its way throo the earth to light.
Leaving roots in darkness flowering in the sun.
Colors blinding eyes. Turning in to a spectrum of a wonderful
rainbow. Filling our cup of being where the heart is home and
home is the heart. Flowing in to a river stream of giving and taking
and living. Creating the dance of aliveness on the shore of Crete.
Where the home is of Rethymnon. Alive with such a history.
And the tourists take place in the streets eating their souvlaki.
And thinking of tomorrow so many come and go.
Many stand in dream of wanting to stay. And returning to what
there minds say is reality.
But is the sun not real the blue colors of the Cretan sea torching
its shore disappearing in the sand to roll once more.
Reminding us of the circle of living that all disappears to come
again. Also we come again somewhere some how.
Come my friend as a flower with the wind in your river stream.
Of life melting with Cretins land and sea.
Finding your face in every shell every grain of sand.
Come take my hand.
And go in peace.

12-10-1998

Crete

Beloved
Village of love awake in my dream.

Now I am on Crete now it can happen.
A village is not build by one man alone it needs people it needs
you. It needs the love of creation with the blending of the sun and
moons power and the blue sea. And being practical money.
Once on the Cretan shore women and men and children have
walked before in a spirit of loving where sharing was giving and
taking from the heart.
Now I say is the time for land for houses.
Where I say to the world is that women and men with a overflowing
cup to fill ours in loving-kindness. In truly sharing.
What my friends must I say with out convincing you that my dream
is real and we need to give us this and our children. A place where
friends can learn to stand when fallen where one can grow to its
full potential. Seeing so many foolish things. Seeing how beautiful
we all really are. Just being love finding the face you are.
Just being friends a village of friends where growth is unlimited .
United in hearts love and light.
Where failure is acceptance. Accepting all seeing growth inner
growth.
This morning I walked along Cretans shore and sat silently looking
at the ocean and listen to the sound of the sea.
And my heart started singing how can I share these stones having
tasted the salt of the sea of which all came forth.
How can I let the so lost and lonely have the feel of aloneness.
And let the sand run throe once fingers in timeless time endless
So fast as we are in a universe full of loving.
We don't know who God is can a grain of sand know the whole
beach? But one can drink the wine from a glass to know what is in
the bottle.

12-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

How can I give you the grain of Cretans sand in your hand letting it slip between your fingers. Being once more this playful child. In rebirth. And while I said this touching tears were rolling down my cheeks filling my eyes with a untold compassion. Giving it to the ocean and the shore which became a mystical look. And I saw a few people picking up little colored pebbles holding them like diamonds which they are. And village of love can be a place where we can hold our selves in our loving hands. Sharing all with all. Oh lovers come and share you. Let us also not wipe away practicality. One needs land to build . where there is a drop there is a high a rising in you. Let us rise together in us around us let us start building creating a horizon for so many to see bringing one home to there inner and outer paradise where the balance is loving. Thrust your self. For fear is the killer of our growth. Yours and mine. And only the real sees the real.

13-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

And I thought that so many would say Luka your dream is a crazy one. But only some do and many others don't.
I look at my web side flying around the world in silent knowing that some where land is waiting some where bricks will find there place of growth. And some close friends in spirit whisper in my ear the sound of a heavenly song. Soon Luka the bees will come to the honey. And I keep on singing here on the Island of Crete the songs I wrote but also strangers in the night New York and my way.
And all this while my dream fly's around the world on c.d. and Internet. Some may be thinking this must be a crook this can not be real but real is you and me .
The last few years my eyes have been filled with seeing reflecting what lives in all. In and around. Beauty sees the beauty the unreal sees the unreal. Thrust your reality that you are so beautiful.
Not Dutch not German not American or Greek but you and you alone. Without boundaries where heart meets heart soul meets soul. In your inner and outer paradise. A village of love.
The honey is waiting. To taste your sweet self.

13-10-1998

Beloved

Crete

And the spirit of Crete is taken upon the wind. Hitting hearts who can listen in silence having learned to listen without mind without thoughts. Picking up the golden thread on which we balance our life's. Not going left not going right.

Taking step by step going forward in our growth in our flowing. A song is traveling miles to ears that can hear. Giving birth to what is and was always. The inner sound of aha every one's inner mountain of wisdom. Sounding in all if we are aware if we are silent. If we stop racing and pacing in race pulling you down while we need to rise. Where others don't condemn you for being a dreamer a visionaries but dream with you being the artist of living. Living the artist creating your life and seeing that every breath you take is a gift for you to breathe out to take to give. Breathe in your village the love of creation in meditation. The village being your heart the love being you.

13-10-1998

Beloved

Crete

Come my love to seeing that all is here.
That all is this a strong wind is blowing away the dust.
My words can be like the wind so your heart light can shine.
On the beat of breath waiting for internal growth.
Where seeds have a change to uncover to earth and saw their face.
Like dolphins splashing on the survive in a deep blue sea.
Playfulness my heart hears the child within we have lost out of
side for so long. Oh children come again in our hearts of wisdom
not knowing but singing a song un heard in our growing life's.
Soothing the mind in a world were others take us down.
Not to grow but suppress. And all that lives suppressed lives dead
and dark dark and dead with out soul with out heart.
Depth needs a height to flower.

24-10-1998

Crete

Wrong or right the day brings the night and the night brings the
day.

One month ago the wind blew me with river Maggia strength to Greece which landed me on Crete. But should it not have been Santorini ? how can I explain that a hand lifted me on to the boat in Piraeus harbor when I got out of my taxi and put me on the boat to Iraklion. In the last seconds before the boat was about to leave they even waited for me to go aboard and all this happened in such a unbelievable flash that even the people aboard came up to me and said we have never seen anything like that before. At that time I never gave it any further thought.

It's October now and the hotels in which I sounded my songs and brought me a lot of loving moment and a little money to survive are closing or closed.

The wonderful people who hugged kissed or listened to me also have left the island. Some taking me with them in their hearts others to forget or send me an email like Eric and Ilene. How grateful I am.

Unlike Switzerland I have not really felt a great depth of silence of Crete ocean and survival was and is the very name of the game. How confused this makes me for I have been so often here to sing and felt such a depth. Needed my eyes to see something else?

Is this why the hand of existence put me aboard the boat to Crete. My record company was there also my producer who organized my web site my email and finances for a dream my dream.

Was it not him who had written so often don't come to Crete while I stayed in Holland for three whole years under the impression that I was no longer wanted in the Hotels and I was so loved By hotel Lefkoniko and la premier. And the people.

Yes I stayed a way from Crete to do promotions on radio and a little television And also got a record contract with a large company all in order to awake my dream a village of love. But I got suspicious

Having no control what's so ever over what I wanted having sighed many contracts on Crete with them. 30 songs and some little books.

And then the web site. In Holland my record company wonderful people who brought out a single refused to talk with Crete.

People who asked me for dinner giving with one hand and hitting me with the other. Was I crossing his plans?

I always had my suspicions but never was sure and still I am not. Something's hurt too much to see.

Oh how far I am from my dream my wish maybe how foolish have I been. For a village to flower.

yet sometimes it is so close. But today all seems to be on dream alone. Once more it is the money that counts. Or is it?

Letting go of wanting willing and wishing?
Do I have to drop that as well? And just be in being?
Luka is alive on the edge ready to jump not knowing were I land.
Santorini why was I not with you? This year?
Is it the next?
Crete took your place and I filled it with song.
But deep in my heart there is a pain a lonely pain and my tears are
running in my heart not wanting to know why not wanting to see
what for the pain is so great and my friends are no longer friends
But business people with out a heart with out compassion.
My heart has found a mind and I didn't see I didn't hear.
That who I saw as my brother sharing my dream only wanted the
money.
Oh truth also I close my eyes for you.

24-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

Once more I am standing for an open door not knowing its way.

I have come maybe to go I look and listen. Receiving the blows
 looking how hurt I am. Looking at friends with there in tensions.
 For what who and why.
 Is giving giving or to want. Confusion enters my belly.
 Where are the serious talks with mike laying the foundation of a
 dream the bricks to build and I feel I am no longer being taken
 serious but a fool on a hill. But still the asking for money goes on
 The web side getting many visitors and I have no control I signed
 Contracts giving away my diamonds to a German Producer and a
 Greek little radio station owner. Where is the love I often thought?
 While his wife served dinner which was really nice.
 And I recorded in the studio of lets call him Mike the bull a funny
 song called the wobble a potential hit for the world to make you
 laugh dance and sing. To which he also clamed half of the rights
 as a producer. And than there was a other song I want to be with
 you
 Which he had written and we recorded for a whole week over and
 over again. He forgot to let me sigh for that one.
 And while this was going on there were no sounds for a village.
 No ground was being laid down to come to final organization.
 Oh lover what a ending is standing at the threshold of hat is
 starting to look like a disaster. Is this my faith? Is this my learning?
 I have tried to be so real to you. To me.
 So from my heart so from my love.
 And often so alone running in to aloneness.
 Now I have met so many friends sin's I took the road of singing
 once more. The doors are closed here now for this year.
 It was good to see so many happy some with tears others with a
 smile. And my eyes being filled with the ocean the pebbles in the
 sand the stars twinkling in my melody making my eyes shine.
 Upon the wonderful people of all over the world.
 And it was and is my way.
 The way of my.
 The way of I am what I am.
 Singer of light that's right.

25-10-1998

Crete

Beloved
 And in my beloved land I am.

Listening to waves pounding on the shore and seeing ships on my horizon finding their destination.
Looking around I see people being so happy laying there in the sand. Never have I seen so many walking hand in hand in loving grace. Crete does open the spaces in our heart which were there to open. It can make it oh so easy, if one lets go.
Reflecting what we truly are.
Rising higher on the waves of love, in our love.
And sharing if we see that we are no longer alone.
But the air we breathe is the same one for every one.
That the stars the sun and the moon are there to look at thru all eyes.
From one little planet called earth.
Oh how foolish we are being so earth bound not knowing that the Sky live in all of us. Life is not holding on but letting go like death takes it all away.
No one holds his breath for too long. No wave stays on Crete shore. It rolls back and forth disappearing in the sand.
Leaving shells and stones for us to play with.
For us to see that the horizon is not there but in us endless.
Where growth does not stop but is a evolution of being.
Of being you, in evolution.

25-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

It is another Sunday or is it?

Having listened in the past few weeks to so many people here at the bar of hotel Buenos the situation I am living throee seems to be so trivial so little. And yet my belly fills with fear and last night I was sweating. It is not so much of who Am I but more what am I doing.

And what have I done.

I am holding a rose I am a ware of that sometimes seeing its potential of sharing around the globe. Other times there is no wind blowing but in me a unrest of surviving.

Where is your faith your thrust my lips whisper and my heart sings.

While others scream in my ear wake up man see reality.

And I look and see not what they see.

But a world that can turn in to a paradise.

I can not do it alone. One starts with the foundation than the bricks are laid one by one with love with care. And if it collapses one starts again. And again.

Until a solid growth has given birth.

The birth right of all. Learning to accept that our thorns are there for learning in growth.

We meet all on our way in such a short life span finely to say I am.

I am me I am free. Being responsible for all we are.

To return once more to our star. The light we are.

25-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

Having just said good bay to about thirty people from Holland of which I have kept some distance the last few weeks giving me

songs and silence. I turned a round to go back to my room hearing Johanna saying the women owner of the hotel I have never seen such crazy people.

And she was right neither had I. World what are you becoming to. Even the very young people created so much havoc asked to be more quit their answer was we are leaving tomorrow any way.

One had even set fire in the basement.

Also Luka will be leaving somewhere some how from here.

And also I saw me go on bus train and plain.

Taking with me all I have learned and all I saw.

May be leaving my village of love a dream.

And yet there are so many sharing what I share knowing deep inside the way which path to take . May be it was just enough for now to share my dream for no one called me stupid.

And I called no one stupid.

They were wonderful people often very young. Seeing what I saw.

A home in a home coming a home a taste of sweet life of life that is so sweet. Opening our eyes letting the seed of love flower no matter were one is.

May be it is not to late. But why do I feel the end is so near.

Keep dancing Luka I heard my heart say between tears of frustration.

26-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

Slowly slowly all the doors are closing of all the hotels and taverns.
The last tourist are coming and leaving.

The rain of which the olive trees were in such a need has started yesterday. And some tourist have come from rain to rain. Its life's game. The should have come more early in the session I hear the Greeks say. And may be some are to late if they keep on wishing all the time.

In every one there is a stairway to a higher conscious.

Where light is light. And me Luka has tried in this life to climb as high as possible for me and started seeing you.

Also I saw that my height was just illusion. And that we are one people one flower one growth. A seed can not grow alone.

It needs the sun the moon and the sky water and earth.

And I have turned a round to sing come fly with me. Only to learn that I had to go so many more steps my self. And only than could one drink from the wine of existence.

Me being called many names there was only left. Singer of light.

To one day sing no more to be silent.

You will only end up with a stone in your hands I heard Mike producer of fly records with who I worked together say.

And softly my lips whispered the stone will be a diamond.

her reflection in light has taken me to Gods song melodies riding the sky. Dancing in the hearts of all breathing the wind of love.

26-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

Closing my eyes seeing what I see my heart is saying take this cup away from me for its taste is that of a slow death.

Saying good bay to so many friends my heart beaded upon.
Ears of others receiving a song sounding from the depth of my
heart coming true me a gift for you letting me grow.
I stepped where others were afraid to walk.
And also I am afraid saying with me and me alone. Listening with a
silent heart clear eyes to see sharing part of me not knowing am I
doing right. And the practical things which belong to life are
forgotten I want to melt in to nature and nature alone being so
homeless to be home. My heart can not beat other wise my song
can not sound different to wind rides me to death dying in to
nowhere and I am afraid oh I am so afraid.
No longer can I ride in cars on the highway my feet need to touch
ground just about keeping me earthly. No closed eyes can see me.
No mind can listen. Now I am 54 years of age always know in side
of me something is about to happened death coming on my way
And I taste it daily on my lips I breath it in and out my heart.
No longer is there a choice but the ocean of loving the plastic to
the real the real to sound to words coming home being home.
This journey toke me to the Swiss to Italia and now on Crete while
it should have been Santorini.
Was it a journey of Farwell? Life is so good to me and me to life.
A blessed man I am so blessed with bliss that often I cry of being
grateful. What a life what a living.
What a deep breath I took now standing in the studio of fly records
on the island of Crete recording some funny songs life is a joke to
be taking Sirius this my last? Where it all began ?
The circle of life and death is nearly round.

29-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

And it was two days ago that a friend of mine Cees took to the
telephone from Holland and offers on my return to Holland a place

to stay in an old horse stable in his large garden next to his house and therapeutic practice. The stable waiting for loving hands to be rebuild for it was still a ruin.

But the question arises how to pay for the rent and my plain fair back to Holland. I was not able to save any money on this journey. And with out it I will walk the beach day and night on Crete.

May be the studio pays? I have sold them 30 songs sighed many contracts with fly records. Frustration and loving are mixing my heart beat with pain and sorrow there is still some work to be done in the studio on a song with great hit potential called the wobble and a other song which Mike has written I want to be with you.

But where are the talks the deep serious conversations the planning for a village to grow I hear and see non. But the world is being asked for money also in my interviews on radio I have spoken about it so much. But my eyes cannot see the pain the hurt and my lips stayed sealed.

Encounter of encounter is hitting my heart and it is not able to digest the terrible hurt and I start thinking it is all in me.

Yesterday on e of the good moments I borrowed a little motorbike And for the first time sin's I arrived on the island it took me back to place I love so very much and holds so many memories.

Am I saying good bay again to all the places and people now in Greece? Lukas last round?

And for what where and why? To learn that the sea is me and the mountains and the valleys are me to. And Luka has come home once and for all. No matter where I walk dream or sing.

And I want to keep on singing dead or a life.

30-10-1998

Crete

Beloved

Soon so very soon on this Sunday on Crete we all call the month of November, the stars are so bright at night so beautiful bright.

Yesterday at the bar of the hotel where I have a room the played one of my c.d.s that was released in Holland by a large record company called Red Bullet The C.d. called; De zee is blauw. The sea is blue. And four of them were sold. Filling my pockets with a few drachmas. And people go home with a laugh a song a dance and once more they took pictures of video and me like so many times before. And I sighed the c.d.s. Also the bar keeper by the name of George the son of the owner Johanna asked me to sign my name on the bar saying Luka was here may be just in case I became very famous. And he can sell it for much typical Greek philosophy.

When you have non-make some. May be after all those years I should think of this to. Standing now for so many doors of living. I sat by the ocean this early morning tasting the salt of the sea upon my lips and in my soul. Softly my heart whispered no longer do I need you. Now I am you. Is this not too much said of my self my wondering heart wondered? And behind me I looked at the mountains and again my heart whispered softly now you have earned to be them to.

And Luka walked back to Hotel Buano sat down at the table of Johanna. silent he ? she almost whispered yes said I would it not be nice if we could fill the hotel in the winter month with people for creation and meditation finding there face in the salt of the sea. In every mountain so high. In every star twinkling.

And softly tears welled up in y eyes finding there way in to Crete earth. For it is not happening, not yet. Did Luka come in vain? Or was I in our village already?

Only time would tell if I had time for I am dying.

4-11-98

Crete

Hello lover

Mixed in a turmoil of many winds of friends who are no friends.

But people whom only see a possibility of making lots of money out of me. Was it not Osho who had said were there is a heart there is always a mind on the path to bring you danger. And how right he was. But there is a other friend who is loaning me the money to fly back to Holland . And if all goes well my flied should be on the 12 of November. At present in the little studio of Fly records we are working on a last song before I return written by Mike the beast.

Our contact together is getting worth every day.

Also the recording doesn't flow. While in Crete I seem to be getting some email from people around the world that I have to answer.

How wonder full perfect it all can be the songs the poetry.

And I am so worried they will or have send money for my dream the village of love for Luka feels in this organization it will never come alive. And my dream stays a dream And others take what they can get. Oh light were is purity? Oh darkness go away also in me.

But in my heart I feel I am rising for staying true to my self.

And all the wrongs in me find transformation.

Let it be so for others to.

It hurts my heart my heart so much to see that others breath so much still in darkness. And also I seem to attract this to. Quit often My life has been threatened. Once some 5 years ago on Crete.

Some were ready to shoot me be course of my success.

And we see this happening to so many wonderful people .

When one is happy there is someone trying to make you unhappy.

But silently I am so inertly happy that I have made this journey.

The price was and is very high but my health stayed is good.

My heart oke. My Mind filled with tears and my eyes touching the inner and outer beauty of my soul looking at the world.

With much I returned seeing the laughter and the tears of wonderful people dancing the night away.

Being so grateful towards me.

It was a journey of strength and sharing getting in touch with my inner worth. While others see there inner worth in money.

Oh purity of my inner being let me always be what I am now.

This seeing is the greatest in being.

And thank you friends in Holland for flying me back.

5-11-1998

Crete

It was late yesterday after noon after a recording session with Mike that I found a little note on my door from some old friends of mine

Living on the island, saying Luka we have a motorbike for you to ride on. The note was from Litsa who also handed me 20.000 drachmas about a hundred dollars.

About Mike the bull and his wife I don't want to comment as yet.

There is so much to say in what I have seen. It's the story of an artist being cheated and lied to obtain money. Nothing is spiritual.

So much I have under contract with them far too much.

And I am seeing that there dream is absolutely not my dream building a village of love. Where are the talks about laying the foundation? I only see a bulldog in front of me.

A man with so much fear in his heart dissolution of life having turned in to hate distrust with commands as if Hitler him self has come down to earth. Treating me like a dog. Sit down stand up.

And feeding me with the other hand saying good boy.

Oh how my heart is crying but thankful for seeing. 10.000 he wanted from people to hear and see me sing specially old people.

Placing me on top of a hill on a house a villa. But no village.

And all the time my heart sings a different song.

Oh Santorini why was I not with you, Yes I do understand and see that I could not walk away from this a hurt full truth staring me in the face. I don't want to cheat no one only to share a beating heart in love grown out of an old pain. And if I do things wrong in un awareness I want to do them right breathing towards the light.

Being blackmailed and distrusted is not nice even though it is the other. But still its hurting my heart.

Oh how far I am from my dream awakening.

Back in Holland I will have to take some steps many steps to stop this asking for money on the web side for a dream and do what I can

To block the American express bank account not even in my name

But in the name of someone called Schneider in Frankfort Germany.

But for now I am so depended on my survival seeing that I eat sleep

And get back to Holland. Even the money that a friend has send me is in the hands of Mike the bull for we had it put on his bank account. And a fight now will mean that I am left on the island really with out anything.

How could I have let this happened. Being so depended on money that belongs to me. Oh I am being trained but for what and when.

Cont.....

The meals Mike the bull's wife are cooking are great the last hours of recording nice but tens there is no real laughter . And I wonder if my record company in Holland will accept this.

The price I am paying is very high much to high.

No one needs to get hurt so much for having a sharing heart burning with passion for the other my fellow man giving my heart a feeling of loving.

I am happy for being who I am but so hurt to see the other.

Where light is a fight is. Four years ago I had to leave Crete for I was nearly shot to death by the Cretans for being so popular in the hotels having so many show.

Where there is a voice singing there are ears who don't want to listen. Osho has had give me the name Alok Gayaka which means singer of light me never knowing that so much darkness would come my way.

Also Osho had to leave Crete in a hurry.

Come wind turn around its nearly enough.

5-11-1998

Beloved

Crete

Just now there was only one person on the beach and a dog which I call happy. Its following me around where ever I go. He even sleeps in front of my door .

Last night I was watching the stars on the beach behind the Buena Hotel were I am staying. Tears were streaming down my face.

And happy came up to me put one of his legs on one of mine and started licking my face. He loved me so much and I loved him.

And I told him but happy Luka has to go back to Holland and I cannot take you with me. And almost I wanted to say to happy do you know the moment let this be the moment. With out any hopes and wishes or attachments. And some how I knew that he understood better than me. Its only we who ask who are we. I am sure a dog is.

Happy was teaching me the moment again. I am so grateful for his loving deep brown eyes.

And now laying across my feet as if he was saying don't go any where Luka I looked at the ocean and said the sea is blue like I did on my first C.d.s and heard many people repeat, the sea is blue. Its got something of the moment when one learns to say that.

And than nothing else matters.

And besides hurting tears I softly smiled.

I am a tired man tossing on high waves playing all or nothing.

Always my life seems to end that way. Once I had really nothing and that felt not so good.

Now my nothing is filled with all fullness laughter tears aces and pains and an inner voice saying also this will pas. And Luka the sea is blue.

And I look at happy and I see he is so happy.

6-11-98

Beloved

Crete

Yesterday a little steel horse a motorcycle loaned to me by Litsa and yanni where the Dutch coffee taste delicious and their cakes had the taste of being welcome.

Their wonderful house having a wonderful view of their land filled with olive trees and other plants tended to with loving care.

Giving a view of the ocean when one looked up and far in the distance. Oh so welcome I felt there telling my story they knowing my dream. And sometimes my falling tears dissolved in to the cup of coffee in front of me. Drinking my own rears with milk and sugar. Tears can be sweet with a taste of bitterness.

On my way back to the hotel like I always done for years I stopped at a little old broken down church were I sat down on a stone burned a candle or two and with my last money left them with a few drachmas to buy more candles. Often I lit there a cigarette and looked in side of me. Oh how well I felt being there giving me so much peace. So many years I have come there. Always just before my show my singing would start in some big hotel. I would than drive home change in to some costume ready to share the sound the song the dance in silence. Filled with moonlight loving.

A broken down church with walls tumbling down were nearly no one came was my salvation brought me to being its crazy what a few old stones can do. I have no words for its energies.

Than for the second time I drove down to village Pikries looking down in to the valley seeing the mountains surrounding it and the little river stream nearly dried up down below. Here is were my dream has really started five years before when I had fled from my villa on top of a mountain which I had rented and my life was threatened. Pikries were Costa's is the lord mare also speaking Dutch owning a large tavern in the main part of this village having a very terrace in front of it I saw in my dream while I looked down so many people from around the world in love in song in creation the place was perfect. Being filled with thousands of candles all around.

A light for the world and in the world.

But it was and is a dream where is mike the bull to look to see all this I told him so often about it but never even took the time to look. Oh dream awake in every once heart.

In one week Luka has to fly back to Holland to rectify things which I saw and felt were wrong in promoting my dream. I have sighed the wrong contracts getting to know the wrong people.

Cont.....

And God given I need a miracle to start laying the first bricks the first stones with spiritual friends. Also with a sense of business and vision. Being able to look beyond the horizon seeing light seeing oneness in them.

Friends I am calling you now to add your light to light burning higher burning stronger burning in the hearts of all people.

Seeing this and only this. I cant do it alone my heart cry's a sad song. From this comes that from that comes this.

6-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

**Looking back in to the last three or four month
A little smile appears upon my lips.**

Doing it all risking it all breathing aliveness on the wind sometimes
filled with tears other times other times the air fills with laughter.
In silence how grateful I am for being what I am and for what I have
been given, this is life I say in all its facets in all faces.
Me being the mirror. Sometimes still holding on to the reflection
identifying and then anger then crying.
We are not the oceans I looked for so long we are not the
mountains which climb was so steep.
We are not the valley in which I found my river stream.
Going forth in non-doing.
We are not high nor low we simple are not.
Oh lover on the planet for such a short time, when do we start to
be loving. When do we come home to as.
We stray so often walk so many miles and suddenly we come
home again. Don't die a lonesome death but die in to your self.
Bringing alive to the survive the ever lasting flame of loving.
Already there if you clean the mirror of emotions your social
structures your conditions.
And don't fall in to a trap. But sharing your self-accepting your self.
That we are learning not to learn.
Not knowing any thing but silence.

6-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

Much my pen wants to write in loving grace.
Always looking right or wrong not wanting to say come this way.
Not wanting to say come home.

And yet often I do for I see no other form to say what can not be
said. Even my songs my poetry doesn't reach that far.
Only the silence of my heart of your heart can tell.
If and when you listen with open heart words or songs are like a
plectrum touching strings. Sounding your sound never the other.
In no way I want you to follow me. But to awake and see.
See you in all truth.
Open your eyes to a world which also breathes like the wind in you.
Bringing you to your authentic face.
The one called home. A rose with thorns.
A frequents spread all around filled with light.
Light filled with loving giving the earth your seeds of loving.
Giving the earth your seeds of growth.
For flowers to appear . Spreading once more her smell to others
learning to saw there seeds in loving grace.
It is oh so simple oh so very ordinary. So just.
And the form I am using is me being open as natural as possible.
Not trying to be any one. Me is just me.
You is you one with me and me with you and both with all.
In living growth. In on e creation in one meditation.
In pray of loving returning to our greatest gifted given.
A rose with thorns so sweet so soft so loving so kind
So loving being love.

6-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

Touching your inner rose her frequents and thorns you can not be
attached to anger hate for it is a silent presence in you.
Which no one can change but you. No one can take a way but you.

You my love can hold it in your loving hands reaching out to
someone ready to take ready to receive.
And the gift a gratefulness , for the other has taken it from you.
Thus returning once more the rose in your hands.
For not only have you given but also you have taken if you hold it
there in light.
Oh lover the sea is not blue when dark clouds appear when the
sun no longer reflects upon the water. And the warm glow of the
moon no longer touches your heart.
Rest I say my love in to your self letting life flow by being the river
in ever lasting stream of blissfulness.
Like a innocent child not knowing what time or day it is.
Like a wondrous child where playfulness finds the joy the laughter
of living by going from moment to moment.
Being filled with laughter dance song and tears.
Knowing all will pass. Also me and a other singer will stand up
sing his song which needs to be sang and I will be forgotten ma be
as a flower long ago.
And the seeds I sowed upon the earth had no name did not sound.
But were ready to sprout in to a flower.
All is not my doing I am doing nothing and in this nothingness all
Is happening. What is there to say being in love.
Once eyes twinkle like stars you are so filled with loving light
shining for the other in there night.

7-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

Awake my inner child so I can let you dance.

Awake my little friend so once more I do not know and hold you
with loving care in my hearts arms easing all past aces and pains.
Melting in to oneness with your innocents of silence.
Dancing in fields of flowers.
Seeing you with me and singing songs of loving grace.
Being with you and you alone.
So in freedom I can give in freedom.
And share to other children alone hurt and rejected.
Ma be once like me.
Come my little child I taste your love and freedom.
Your grace of innocents melting with my heart.
Long I have looked for you to find you in me and now that I do
freedom sings the wind on Cretans shore .
To stay where you are be where you are accepting your growth.
Removing a thorn at the time on the wonderful rose you carry.
To be found in the heart of your inner child to be found in you and
you alone.

7-11-98

Beloved

Crete

And it was yesterday that I spend the whole day in Elfri where
Litsa and Yanni house is over looking other mountains and the
deep blue sea.
Being offered by them to stay in there caravan for a few weeks.
Me still sleeping in Hotel Buenos I will see which way the wind is
blowing and takes my heart and soul.
Yesterday it found the way in to there land stripped down to only
my shorts in a blazing sun Luka has found its way to remove the
weeds.
And found the smell of Cretan dry earth.
Golden moments of spirituality with people breathing from there
heart. On life's ladder of growth.
Sharing of what they have dreamed of to do so long ago.
A house on the hill in a blazing sun.
And me removing the weeds which have grown there on the hill
side with a crying heart not wanting to know what my eyes has
seen with mike the bull a heartless man and my dream must stay
asleep.
Not spitting my own soul for a village to come a life.
Oh thorns of Crete you are hurting my heart.
When will my Rose shine left in hands to share to give with loving
kindness.
Oh wind of Crete your wonderful and often I also cried for being so
joyful in the shade of your trees where some times a olive drops
on my head.
So loving when I walk in your silence.
My feet deep in to the earth. Luka's little church where every day I
burn a candle and smoke a cigarette looking beyond the horizon.
Village Pikries where so many wonderful songs needs to sound.
With friends from all over the world.
To listen to smell the sweet oil on the olive trees.
Mixed with the wind of melody.
Giving birth to you.
Being the child you are once more free in our hand in our heart.
Dancing like butter fly upon any wind coming our way.

Crete 17-11-98

Beloved

Last night around 6pm my little steel horse drove me to
Rethymnon.

Where Mike's studio is and I listened to the final touches of the
 song I want to be with you.
 Before I listened to the song I opened my heart to hear partly the
 story of his life. The bull was gone for a little while.
 And nearly I saw a loving friend once more.
 But still hating every one and every thing.
 But the nearly finest song which we worked on for more than a
 week shined so much beauty so much dedication sop much love
 and warmth.
 Its hard to believe that such a heart can create such a flower.
 For may be thousands to listen and God knows more than that.
 A song opening the hearts of the people driving them to tears.
 Why I wondered listening has he not been back to Germany for
 over 15 years. Why I wondered has he lost 30 million d-mark.
 Once he had told me after a few bottles of wine that he had worked
 for the government and the rest he would not say. That was a few
 years before when I was on Crete. And When the song had ended I
 reminded him once more of what he had told me and asked him if
 he could tell me the rest. And he did. Saying that he had worked
 for the government eliminating polities from there country.
 Not killing them but making sure they disappeared.
 Also he had told me that he was judge and there fore had studied
 law. I always wondered why after asking so many times for a
 photo I never got it. Also not for publicity.
 Mike I saw had two hands one for loving in getting what he wanted.
 And the other to hit you to make you so small so that he could
 control every thing. Oh how my heart started to fill with anger for
 being a sleep so long and no longer knowing if I was being
 cheated and lied to. With this man I sighed many contracts
 promoted on TV and radio for a dream of mine come true and for
 now I could not see it was his. And he was using me for what ever
 money is always the case wanting his millions back true me
 making me in to a guru. The Guru he always wanted to be. But I
 held my anger inside of me to learn and see more before I left for
 Holland fro I would need a lot of information but my tears were
 rolling in my heart.
 Oh Crete cried my heart give me your land to build on give me a
 shuffle so I can dig.
 And give me God the wisdom the strength to see that the road is
 already paved before us. And let me breath on that road a few
 years longer so I can build a tower of strength standing in the
 world.
 A light for others to see.
 And softy I heard a voice in my heart saying for the very first time.
 I had a dream..... and I cried some more.

7-11-98
 Crete

Beloved
 The wind is whispering in my ear.

Go Luka to come back for the moment you got what you came for.
Like tasting the ocean the wonderful people listening and dancing
On the waves of Crete 's shore.
The rest you have to be, being up to you now.
Oh lover go with you now in your loving heart to return to this
once more drinking life's wine grown true out the years in history
of Crete.
Go my lover man to share your thoughts and feelings with others
listening to your song.
Go in peace and come once more in peace your lesson is learned.
Once more you got what you came for.
You may not see it all now but you did.
A village is build on a soled foundation and all this was and is to
make you grow in strength . In heart mind and soul.
You now need the bricks the cement and the land.
And always bees come to the honey and the honey and is the
honey not always found in a flower.
Let all flower my friend true out so many years still to come.
Taking the blows of strong wind.
Other storms are still on the way and than silence after the storm
will come.
Like all sanding still.
In silent growth of being.

7-11-1998

Beloved

Crete

When oh when, when golden tears are flowing do they was our
tears to be.
Finding the seed of loving in our hearts meeting others along the
way. Preventing our being.
There eyes filled with non seeing.
Heart not meeting heart but head on soul a thinking way in the way.
Oh my eyes are hurting now and my head takes a spin.
Where is truth towards me?
Others seem to turn around things for there good alone.
And me turn the good for the others.
Leaving me so alone truth come in to me deep I go.
High I climb falling down to earth ready to flower a other seed of
wisdom. While my heart aces my eyes hurt.
Why is the price of sharing so high.
Why does my rose get hit so hard?
Sure it can take a bump or two or even tree it is freedoms price.
Tears flowing keeping us earth bound.
Never have I seen them fall up.
Only laughter seems to fill the air.
Towards the twinkle of our being resting forever resting.
In witness of it all.
All things pass.

8-11-1998

Crete

Beloved
Yes it is Sunday an other one.

Closer comes my flied back to Holland.
Tomorrow is the day that I move a way from my hotel room to what
looks like a week or so to the mountains where Litsa and Yanni
have there house. Daily now I spent some hours as a meditation in
there garden and talking about our life's. Mixed with coffee and
cake Litsa has so kindly made.
It has been very hot on Crete and the earth is very dry which
makes it difficult to remove all the weeds. When no rain has fallen.
The temperature at present is still around 25 degrees.
Finest weeding and drinking coffee my little steel horse is waiting
for me to take me once more down to my little broken down
church where now daily I spend more hours in deep meditation.
And I spend my last drachmas money to light some candles.
Oh how silent I become there so peace full in my heart filing me
with a un know strength. A light a wonder full light of being.
And then the ride back to my hotel so in bliss.
Smelling all there is to smell along the way.
Filling me with bliss and gracefulness in purity.
And not understanding business deals. Contracts. Money web
sides.
Where are you Luka my heart than sings and I answer in to many
thoughts in the market place feet firmly on the ground and my
eyes focused on the path some times also looking up seeking the
stars and the one that spoke to me.
Saying I love thee.
And than my tears flow feeling so blessed of being toughed.
And than I no longer feel so alone and burdened by it all.

8-11-1998

Beloved

Crete

Having given my heart to existence and my song to other birds to
sing in flight of being we all walk further on our path growing gray
growing bend.
Wondering how many more breath we can take before the final one
is filled with an other flight of which we had forgotten.
A never ending sleep of not knowing.
A transit of awareness reaching for the flame in which all burns to
light.
We are that flame of burning.
If we allow all social conditions social structures to flame in
burning flames turning to ashes so that we all stand naked before
us as one light aflame of loving.
In grace in innocence .
Clear as a diamond reflecting our worth.
And we people are worth so much if we don't hate if we stop
identifying our self's with emotions.
But instead being clear in our eyes our heart.
Like the purest of diamonds only to reflect in light.
And that light is you.

10-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

So many pages with words on paper to reach my heart.
And there fore yours.
This journey is nearly over.
There are clouds hanging over Crete and the olives find there way
to the ground. The orange show there face as being a orange.
And are nearly ripe to be consumed locally and over seas.
Oh how I love the sweat air of Greece.
With my window open I listen to the pounding of the waves on
Cretans shore where so often I hold a pebble found in the sand
glistening in the sun. When dried up the salt of the sea leaves a
mystery look almost like a mist covering my precious find.
When I want it to shine again I lick it like a child licking his loly pop
and see it shine again.
So often I made contact with my inner child on the shores of
Greece.
Rolling in her ocean taking me to the moment letting waves roll
over me and the salt of the sea enter my nostrils.
The seagulls flying overhead And there song reminds me of my
song sounding the air.
Saying go to your inner light.
Touch your seed to flower.
To a higher conscious.
Being love is not so easy it's a hard journey a long way and yet all
can be there in one second. That's the miracle of life the wonderful
gift to us. But all is so worth it your worth it.
Just think of a flower if he stayed a seed never to sprout.
We all must dare to stand in wind or rain and sunshine its part of
our growth. Getting hurt.
But I never knew that it was so much and it's good that I didn't
know I might never have started this journey.
It's good we all don't know what lays a head life would be so
boring.
Now I would not have missed it for any thing in the world specially
looking back at it all it all seems to make sense.
We know that leaves leave there trees for new once to grow and so
it is with us. We let go to grow.
The journey home is the greatest thing I know and it can happen to
any one if you let it happened and are ready.
Dancing your way home. We all are on that road the road to
nowhere.

10-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

**And it is sin's last night that I hold a flied ticket to Amsterdam
From Inaction Island of Crete.**

**My dearest spiritual friends Cees and Diet his wife loaned me the
money.**

**And after much paranoia from Mike not believing he would send
me the money advising me to go to the Dutch Embassy to ask fore
help**

**I could not believe my eyes and ears here I had sold him over thirty
songs and had not seen one single penny for them.**

**While my eyes focused on 4 new hard disk recorders and boxes
arriving from Germany and so many more things and my heart told
me many things are not right.**

**But the greatest pain in my heart was the thought of my dream
how can one start a village of love with such a guy besides all the
promotion on the web and me on the radio in Holland here I saw a
man filling his guts with all sorts of things and I stated to wonder
were he got the money from but I had no prove. And he certainly
no intension of awakening my dream.**

**But I stayed fore as long as I could cool calm and collective trying
To find some sort of confirmation for my intuition .**

**Here I saw a mind man having lost his heart so long ago being 15
years now on the island of Crete and never once went back.**

When I ask him about it he became so anger.

**Once with a few to many wines and beers in his belly he told me
that he had been working for the government eliminating
politicians with out shooting them but making sure that they had
left there positions.**

**Having studied law in Germany becoming a judge but I cannot
confirm this as being true. How could I have let myself in with
such a guy. But he was clever in spinning a web step by step
closing in on some one closing in on me.**

**It is good that I am here to see all this but it hurts oh God it hurts.
And all warns me of a better preparation a more solid foundation.
Learning to more practical.**

**It is in so many ways good that I return to Holland to seek advice.
Litsa and Yanni with there dear hearts have advanced me the
money so that my reservation would not be lost.**

**And the next day the money did arrive from Holland and they were
paid back.**

**The hotels were I have been singing at had ask me to come back
again next year for a other season but deep in my heart I knew that
maybe I would never be back on the island of Crete I had made a
great mistake.**

God give I live to be a old man to fulfill my dream.

**Today is the day that I should go with Litsa and Yanni to village
Pikries were I wanted to wake my dream.**

Costa's the lord mare of the village knows of our coming.

**And me I will walk the little streets see the houses and the people.
With my dream in my eyes as stars.**

**Twinkling to the people filled with light love light.
And tears of coming so close to awake my dream and being yet so
far away.
A crazy man I am but true to the heart.
Where a candle is burning at both ends now.**

10-11-1998

Crete

Beloved
If this is my pray than let it be.
Life give me years.
Death bring me light.
Dance bring me song.
Heart bring me silence.
Village of love bring me the fulfillment of my dream
So that this sometimes weary Luka can rest eternal.
And village of love bring me the people with enough love and
sense to grow towards love.
Knowing that I am not there Guru.
Not there way but a holy light a flaming torch given to me to hold.
And that I am no more and no less than others.
And that some times also my arms get tired.
My heart so weary.
Not to often but it does.
Life give me breath.
So I can keep breathing out songs words for others to hear and
find there song of life as well.
And earth keep giving me ground to stand firmly with two feet and
two eyes focused on the path.
Not to slip or fall.
And stars fill my heart with your light with the blending of the sun
and the moon.
The power of non power.
In the balance of creation.

11-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

It is one day before my flied back to Holland that this day I will
spend partly with Mike the bull in his studio.
And Angie his wife who really knows how to cook.
Oh how un a ware they are of being hearts and trust.
This after noon on my little motor I will drive to the house of Litsa
and Yanni it's so wonderful.
Looking at the wonderful ocean.
And spending some wonderful moments with them.
Litsa reminds me much of me wanting to live and give.
Tomorrow she will drive me down to the air port Italian.
Where Cees will pick me up in his Volvo station car.
Oh what a journey this has been.
Filled so much with life the very essence of existence.
The singer has really been singing.
And some c.d.s have found there way to the people.
The funny once as well as the deeper songs from me.
They got good response.
And slowly I se all is being shared.
No matter what the circumstances.
Looking in to my pockets there is nothing left.
But than I started with nearly nothing.
And yet I am filled with so much.
This seems to be Lukas life and way.
Belonging to nowhere and yet every where.
Bringing to light what has to be brought to the survive.
Removing dust in me and you.
In us all.
It is the price for having written this.
Out of nothing ha s come this.
An empty page revealing a soul.

11-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

With Litsa and Yanni we drove late yesterday afternoon down to my little broken down church Dimitri and took some pictures.

And than we went of to our way to Pikries.

Which I saw throe my eyes as the village of love on Crete.

Thousands of candles burning and in this light songs of meditation.

Sang by people having come from all over the globe.

Yesterday was good it was very good.

Walking the little streets meeting some of the people.

Starting at portal pikries where al the music can sound.

Fill the air. A delicate moment meeting with George and his lovely wife now having a baby girl of one years of age.

Two people living the way I wanted to live. Both having fled from Albania some years before.

Now in a old house broken down on top of a mountain with no shower. Electric tapped from there neighbors. Having nothing sharing it all. Being so rich.

I have no words to write on this wonderful meeting.

The warmth the love in there house was unspeakable and still is so.

The sharing of there food there kindness the goodness of there hearts how can I forget and who wants to forget.

Where hearts became one and tears of good bay melted in to one .

A little family from Albania having come to Greece with nothing having it all.

Thank you friends for sharing your hearts.

Your song sounded so pure it showed me so much in seeing how life can be also reminding me that I was on the wrong track still

Having to learn how simple one can be and so beautiful .

This is what the people in a village of love should be all about.

Already they live my dream.

I will be back I said with tears in my eyes.

But deep in my heart I didn't know.

And I looked at pikries one more time may be the last like my whole journey in the Swiss I was dying even more so than ever.

And I looked at the sky my heart crying more tears than the seeing of stars.

And I wiped my tears not understanding how difficult it was and could be to fulfill my dream.

12-11-98

Crete

Beloved

In these early hours of the morning wit a strong wind blowing
shaking the olives of the trees and wiping the dust of the roads
Luka to is blowing today with a strong wind today to Holland and
should be landing there at 20:10 pm in Amsterdam.
One door closing for a other to open.
It was yesterday morning in the studio of Mike the bull That I told
him I was no longer his friend fro having treated me the way he
has so un human so with disrespect.
And all that we had left was business.
I remembered that he answered what baseness.
After many words with him he calling me all sorts of names I
quietly left his house picking up the last recording we made
putting them in my pocked and thanking Angie for the wonder full
meals
I walked out of the front door what looked like forever.
Oh when is all this going to stop I must have thought.
Once more I turned around and I saw Mike standing at threshold of
his doorsteps of which I walked across so many times recording
my first single.
A threshold where Mike may be standing all the time the rest of his
life.
A man asking to be kicked in the ass.
And for long I refused to kick him now I did with a loving swing.
Did he feel it I wondered.
And with all this commotion I also left my dream for now for what it
was no longer were the doors open for such a dream there was a
other door to go true than not knowing how different it all would
be. I had walked in to the hole of a dragon him being blinded with
greed and money with a heart full of hate.
Conning him self and the people.
I did what I needed to do and stood firm against such a man.
I had grown.
Once more softly wiping my tears from my eyes it hurts to be
cheated.
Good bay Crete thank you for giving me it all.

12-11-1998

Crete

Beloved

People with light where are you?

**Come closer to me helping holding my torch our torch seeing our
selves in growth of full acceptance.**

So strong is the love of some so strong the hate of others.

And now I have to learn to be so selective for my dream to awake.

**It was yesterday in their wonderful garden of Litsa and yanni
drinking thee that they gave me a present being an Icon of Dimitri
on a horse with a spear holding his enemy down.**

Not yet do I know his story it will come.

**I know the little old broken church which I visit so often so called
that way.**

Tears welled in my eyes by receiving this wonderful gift.

And for one moment my eyes looked beyond the icon.

And saw me sitting on that horse spear in hand holding down evil.

So love can flower.

**Like yesterday after noon in their garden in the mountains over
looking the sea, removing weeds around the flowers.**

And I quite Luka has been doing that all along.

The songs the poetry is weed killers for one's true face to show.

And flower in any wind any rain in any country.

It doesn't really matter were.

Beloved

14-11-1998

Holland

And here I am and I am here the land of my birth Holland.

A rough flied brought me here after leaving Crete in a hell of a storm starting above Iraklion lighting and thundering shock the aircraft and throe my little airplane window I could see a wonderful rainbow appear over The island.

It flashed throe my Mind that so often when I left Crete or for that even an other place it was almost always in a storm and I never understood why. But it did happened so often were the gods angry? Surely I can not be that important?

Toughing down in Holland after a good flied and having to say good bay to Litsa at the airport in Iraklion who in loving care has brought me down there in her car I toughed down in Holland like so many time before. From many countries in the world.

With no house no job no money.

And still I was in many way feeling so well flying as one would say above the earth.

Touching down at the airport Schiphol in the Netherlands my dear spiritual brother Cees was waiting for me. And took me with one suit case left and a guitar plus an over night bag including my coffee machine to his home of a million dollars in his large Volvo station wagon. Looking at me and at my suit case he said is this all you have left?

And I smiled at him for deeply I had never been so happy. Or that can not be the word Luka was in ecstasy.

The last time I saw Cees was when I started my trip in a old Porch On once more my journey thinking it would be a village on Crete or the island Santorini now the wind had taken me back to the country of my birth once more with nothing And I was so happy. Cees being a very serious Christian psychotherapist living like a king with his wife and two children in a large villa surrounded by a garden witch looked like a football field let me sleep in the house the first night wit great conflict in his heart I felt he couldn't bear me around him. A man with nothing can not be so happy!

And the night day we cleared his horse stable which looked like a shambles and placed a bed in it. In the middle of the winter it had no heating the wall were coming down there was no water no toilet And all that one could do was lay in bed to keep warm.

Later a little electric heater was given to me with threads of I will take this back tomorrow for my clients!

But the first day with them I thought I had a wonderful brother who had taken care of me while on my journey my last journey the road to nothing.

It was as if I had always known that this would happen to me.

For I remembered asking Cees one day that when on one more journey I would come to nothing he would pick me up and give me a place to sleep.

And now I was relaxing in my silence in my deep silence in a horse stable looking thru the window at the trees hearing birds sing thee song of loving hearing my heart sing.

Preparing for maybe an other storm. House money practical things.

Looking at the path, missing Crete and her stars so much so very much!

Beloved

15-11-1998

Its time to get up to get dressed and go to the people who live there daily life's in a office and may be dreaming of Greece. Where one often does not know the face of the other not knowing there own destiny in living life.

And then the other side people with no benefits no social security.
Facing the face of darkness struggling to survive where health
care is a long way from home and all makes people so aggressive
to survive.

Live like a man, die like a man. I still hear mike the bull saying and
thrust no one. Act like a Greek be like a Greek and may be you
survive!

Yes the sea is blue and the mountains are rough and tough.
But Is Holland not a better place to live in were care meets care.
And people think they are more civilized becouse³ of such a
system at least a great majority.

But I love Holland more than some years ago when I came back.
The silence of its darkness brings one so easy inside ones self.
And for a few minutes the sun shows its face in a temperature of
two degrees. The trees are toll the grass so green and In my horse
stable I am eating often with a candle.

And I my dream I see me singing in Holland with warm people with
a warm heart in a warm place.

And my voice on many radio stations.

May be I made a journey of farewell to all the places I once was so
welcome.

And now I have come home!

Beloved

**14-11-1998
Holland**

Sitting next to my little heather from Cees therapeutic practice
brought down to the horse stable my home.

I look at now!
And thoughts take me back of how I have come to be depended
once more on people screaming in my ear you are in the shit man
Deep in the shit while I felt I was living in paradise.
Things went different from start to finish .
Was it me was the question?
Being totally responsible for who we are?
Or is there really something like luck or faith or a river so strong
were one is open taking us to a place unplanned un prepared.
It seems the more I plan the more is no plan.
And things go away in them selves having their own way.
But so often I fall short of money in my life no ,matter what I do or
plan.
I s this me to I ask doing this?
Or is existence bringing me to the road of nowhere the road to
nothing.
I sit here in my heart shines a diamond it's cold and rainy in
Holland. And yet my heart is so warm feeling so rich and so full by
owning nothing but a suitcase and guitar.
Looking thru my window I see Cees carrying a thousand kilos on
his shoulders barely able to stand upright.
And I wonder who has it all.
My wonderful dream close to my heart even from nothing I want to
share giving away the fullness of life.
In a village called love.
Am I so crazy to dream this dream some time's doubts appear in
my mind.
Always in Holland I seem to feel this way having to listen to people
who tell me you are no good!
And the little hurt boy wakes up once more so misunderstood
wiping a tear from his eye!

15-11-1998

Beloved

Holland

Today believe it or not it's Sunday and the cock is sounding good morning to any one who wants to listen.

Sleeping very well in a old antic bed in a very cold horse stable
Candles are giving light and the little heater just enough to warm my hands on is switched on.

Thou my window I look at the large villa in which Cees spend the night. I am not welcome there! Not even to their toilet and there bathroom. And have to use a little bucket to do my what ever one has to do. And with 5 degrees under zero washing my face with cold water wakes one up so early in the morning.

There seems to be no room for me in the heart of Cees and his wife Dita people who kept screaming in my ear its your responsibility.

In the background a little radio which I often take with me on my travels is playing songs from a Dutch radio station and any moment I expect it to play one of my songs, but it doesn't.

And I wonder how the wobble will sound if I see to it that it is brought to my record company in Holland.

Once more Cees and me had a talk and a lot of feelings are going thru me specially having to depend on people so called friends once again.

Some how I cannot understand why people are and say things like that. So very often I had given a place to stay to people who had been traveling the spiritual path sharing what ever I could.

And I guess I expected others to do the same but I saw I was not the other I was Luka. And my road was leading to nothing.

Learning and being the fulfillment of nothing.

And people could not see that.

And all the time day after day I saw the hate in the eyes Of Cees and his wife Dita filled with greed!

A man like me cannot be happy should not be happy must not be happy it makes the other look like such a fool!

Being broke having no permanent home! Must be a disaster!

But ever sin's my child hood I carried this fire inside my heart a lighted burning fire sometimes so light sometimes so very heavy.

Wanting to sing and write sins the day I started to breath.

For getting so often the risk and misunderstanding around me.

The price I paid for the joy for my being.

Freedom is being totally responsible for our being even in this situation but a helping hand of a friend is not miss placed!

15-11-1998

Holland

Beloved

Looking throe the windows of what is a horse sable and maybe
one day Cees practice the leaves on the trees having turned
yellow bruin and green are so still. And some times a leave leaves
the tree swinging the way to the ground finding there way to finely
dissolve. And so I see you and me.
To come grow and go. Or to come go and grow.
Learning so much also learning not to learn.
Each one of us in there own unique way.
And how to live with the authentic face we found in our self's.
For seeing that is also a learning.
To present it not forgetting the firm ground on which we stand.
Looking at the path the way and not only at stars.
So that we may stumble or fall in to a ditch.
Thru others by others.
Me not having been also aware enough.
Life brings enough to grow like the leaves I see on the tree sharing
there glow within.
One day they return to the earth and their glow will remain in their
hearts. Without cramp of survival. Flowing like River Maggia
finding her way from the mountains down to the valley from a little
house in nature where birds sing and my heart listens.

15-11-1998

Beloved

Holland

Freedom being totally responsible for one self, is this so?
Here I am mostly in the cold in my horse stable a little radio a bed
and a coffee machine in a modern society.
My toilette is a little bucket. With no running water things are a bit
difficult.
Yet I must honestly say that I have felt worse.
It is almost as if I like it except for the cold.
Today starts a new week people sitting in there office for people
like me handing out social security and maybe a place of my own
to stay where I can start again to work on my dream.
Being in Holland seems to give me a feeling of rest and well-being.
And how strange this may all sound I am so happy that people have
to scream in my ear and say look at the shit your in.
And I find my eyes looking and asking what shit?
I seem to have forgotten the practical things in life like money food
a house nothing no longer seems to be really a problem.
And I cannot understand this I can truly say I'm so happy and
often others are trying to make me unhappy.
Recognizing that each one of us lives in growth with a house or no
house and this seems to be my way the wind has taken me here.
And seeing this comforts my heart.
Some responsible for a whole family others like me only for them
self's no matter how hard I have tried also to have a family.
And what I call the wind against us or existence may be not seeing
a part in us that still rebels.
An unawareness of one self-responsibility.
Life is strange blended with a miracle of growth.
Maybe we bring things our self on our self's on our path learning
to stand when fallen in a ditch.
But who so digging the hole?

15-11-1998

Holland

Beloved

And tonight is night the world surviving in the terrible cold.
No money no house no job being cheated and lied to and rejected
by friends and family of which I gave to much of may be my heart
learning to share and let my love flow where was the business
man in me looking after my own business.
Left with me and only me.
Surely I feel the silence of my heart the warmth of my being the
light in my soul looking at the world and see the world rejecting
me.
So often I have walked this road.
Or am I going throe this so that I can write you this ?
I have no answer.
I love writing to you it brings me peace of silence.
But what else has it given me, the cold ?
Walking also firmly to a new road creating new friends and
surroundings touching deep down in to me in my foundation a
new creation feeling secure in me attending now to my business
so it can be your to.
What have I given what have I taken ?
On this journey of mine ?
Leaving me once more so depended on others.
And most of all I don't want to be.
Its different when one wants.
But I feel it is going against my nature and yet I let it happened.
It is happening now.
A story repeating over and over again.
Until I have learned to be aware of this to.
Freedom has touched my heart my soul.

16-11-1998

Holland

Beloved

It is Tuesday morning.
 At nine o'clock Cees and me are going together to write me in as a
 citizen of soest so that I may obtain social benefits.
 What a life after Crete!
 With so much bad luck along the way.
 Luka is responsible I hear Cees scream in my ears !
 And still my heart disagrees.
 When all is one when all is part of each other how can one be.
 But here is a psychotherapist with a practice should he not know ?
 My little house in Hilversum which I have left to some friends is no
 longer there except for a bill of about three thousand guildens be-
 cause they never paid the rent telephone and electric.
 What the hell am I doing with my life ? Playing the do good .
 Having nothing left but my songs and writings and some c.d.s.
 Contracts which are worthless.
 In such a situation a man like me can best go step at the time and
 look at his failures and try to connect them .
 The game of no money must be the root of things.
 Looking back it has always been like that.
 But why ?
 So many wonderful artists end up this way this is no excuse I know.
 But am I too much of a dreamer no longer seeing the path ahead.
 With too many stars in my eyes ?
 Listening to the songbird in my heart?
 Yet I regret not my life.
 For in many ways it is so wonderful.
 In some way or other we all meet hell along the way.
 Some here others there.
 Thank God I am healthy to walk on go on creating once more a
 place to stay and sleep to eat. Work in meditation of a wonderful
 creation. And Crete? I don't know.
 I really don't know if I should risk so much again.
 You end up with a stone I can still hear Mike the bull saying to me.
 With such a guy one would.
 But my answer was it will be a diamond.
 Now let's see that I can make it shine.

Beloved

18-11-1998
Holland

In the terrible cold from the horse stable my words flow on paper.
A little heater which Cees has given to me will soon be taken away
as he said he will need it for his patients in his practice and trying
to say that all is my responsibility. He wants me out of his place.
I see no room and understanding in his heart the load on his back
is heavy as I see him walking around is this the cross of Jesus I
wonder ?
I have seen so many Christians doing this no joy no laughter no
playfulness.
This morning I have to go to the social security for there is no
more money I hate doing this.
The worth thing is the cold here in Holland and with no money one
tends to feel so poor.
Still I am filled with such richness in my heart which seems to be
there always a bliss which does no go away.
I am so poor I am so rich.
I am a man with nothing not even a house and yet I am so filled.
One suitcase and a guitar and my songs and writings.
Yesterday afternoon I went on a borrowed bicycle to my record
company
Red bulled it was a wonderful meeting and I presented my A& R
manager with the new productions we recorded on the island of
Greece.
He played it right away and He liked the wobble.
He said they would have a meeting about this. And will give me an
answer next week.
If accepted it could put me on the road of money again.
It will be really crazy if the wobble would be released and became
the hit it deserved.
In the mean time it is down to practical things a room a or house
food and money which I seem to forget some times.
But my heart is warm and my legs are strong and living goes on all
by it self.
We just have to fill it with goodness.

18-11-1998
Holland

Hey little angel sit on my shoulder
Hey little angel my heart is growing colder
Stay her y my side
Bring me some light
Dark is the day
Dark is the night

When one slides down
There must be a up
Like the bottom of life's cup

Like the see is running to shore
Back and forth
Back and forth
Breathing shells in creation
Resting on shore.

Beloved
So many things so many wending.

19-11-1998

After a discussion yesterday with Cees in the cold horse stable we agreed that I would stay until the end of next week Cees playing the ball right back
To me that all is my responsibility.
And all I could answer was the river flow has taking me in full surrender.
And once more he repeated that he wanted his little heater back which hanging over it would keep me a little warm with being 5 degrees below zero.
Than he made mew sign a contract for the money I owed him 800 guldens for the plain fare or should I say pain fare plus interest. But where is the money?
What hurt me most are the misunderstanding and the terrible hate in the eyes of Cees the way he goes about things.
How often had I not given a place to stay a bed to rest for a wanderer in spirit? Seeking his light. Some times for month on end.
How naïve am I to think that others are also like me.

Beloved

19-11-1998

After having signed the contract for the money I owned Cees
And having taking away my little heater.
It was Cees suggestion that I go to the home for the homeless.
There seem to be no other way.
Also I no longer wanted to be in his energy with such an anger.
And after having spoken to a social worker here I am in a place for
the homeless called the rotonde where I can stay for 4 days as
they have a waiting list.
Than may be a other place and all be course I have no money.
Who is right who is wrong?
Why did Mike never pay me any money why why why?
Where is my responsibility? Or is it?
The Rotonde where I am now seems to be a friendly place.
With about 10 people all of them with out a home.
Like me and I am writing this little book and I don't know why.
Something inside me is pushing me forth also on this road in this
river.
My heart is filled with light and my belly with tears there seems to
be no other way. I am tricked by so many.
Also I landed in a crises the cross of me.
Besides a few cloth a pen and a guitar I have nothing and it was
my dream to help these people in the world now we are even.
And like them I have to find my way out or inn as you would like to
call it.
This book cannot be written the way I write it I had stacked a way
some security.
I let it all happened on my flied.
The down and out the cast away the rejected one.
The unrecognized.
Why all this is happening to me I really do not know it is.
May be my dream was to big to chase.
A village called love with to many obstacles in the way.
The wrong people around.
Me flying high.....Now landing with numerous tears in my heart.

Beloved

**22-11-1998
Rotonde**

A few days now my pen has laid to rest.
 Looking out and looking inn finding millions of tears of
 disappointments disillusions and betrayals.
 By Cees by mike by me for letting this happened.
 I wanted a village of love and mike the bull wanted money.
 Now I landed on the other side depended on the other for a house
 for money. Almost being a vagrant writing a book about being one.
 With a wish give me a home again.
 I am living on the edge swing from one side to the other.
 And my songs go on.
 And the web side spreads wide and far.
 And me I have fallen in to a ditch touching the bottom layers of my
 heart.
 Of past hurts scars which had not healed yet.
 Once more on Dutch ground.
 Trying to find a way for the seed to sprout .
 Here I am between people for who I have wished a village of love to
 grow inn. Now I am between them now I AM ONE OF THEM.
 They are wonderful people.
 Tomorrow I will stay at a different place called the weert single.
 It is in a place called Utrecht. It has the same setting as here only
 there I can stay longer until I have found a home. A house to stay.
 From which I can work.
 Working on my self and maybe others finish this book to write.
 This journey goes on for all my inner light still burning.
 I don't know why this came on my way.
 We are responsible
 But still I ask is there not a strong wind blowing taking us back to
 the river flow of life learning what needs to be learned growing
 where growth is needed.
 The flow of life, of living.
 To reality.
 And a dream is a dream.
 Toughing ground.
 May be this is the foundation on which I need to build.
 Roll tears roll towards the ocean of love.
 Village of love don't die in my heart.

Beloved

22-11-1998
 Rotonde

My eyes are being filled with pictures being so close with people
 in distress.
 My heart is filled with compassion.
 I listen I look being my self in a position of being nowhere.
 Or am I ?
 Am I not writing an other book going thou hurt and pain my self.
 Never would I have gone thru this experience had I security in the
 bank or a house. But still sometime my feelings are of confusion
 living and seeing all this.
 The homeless coming in the night finding a bed and some are
 complaining about there food. The next day they have to leave
 again out in to the cold.
 Only about ten people can stay.
 Oh I am a writer writing this book wanting to give you life.
 But where are the boundary's on this road when I dear to live on
 the edge of society.
 Also meeting my own feeling of fear of survival.
 Just like any one else here.
 Am I more different then Herman selling homeless newspapers on
 the street for survival.
 Telling me he plays a roll as homeless letting his hair uncut.
 Not shaving him self.
 Selling and getting more money that way.
 Oh how I love this man.
 His story, his openness, his reality, his has been alcoholic problem.
 And the young people here with there drug problems.
 I feel so privilege to come so close.
 What faith has brought me here?
 To be one of them now for just a little while.
 With such an awareness. Yet also I cry .
 And sometimes hopeless.
 Meeting old pains and old hurts of so long ago.
 I see mothers with there children some times three with out a
 home.
 And just like them we have to fight our way out.
 Back in to society.
 It's all so different than being the star singer on Crete.

Beloved
 How the wind is changing.

24-11-98

It was yesterday that I should have been on my way to a other place the Weert single. Now on my last day here at the Rotonde a staff meeting was held and decided to keep me here.
Trying to get me a house once more and social security its crazy being between the homeless people on the inside looking out.
And still I have no answer why this is happening to me.
A man with a suit case a guitar and some c d ,s of his own.
Writing singing trying to get a place to stay from once more he can function.
Oh how my heart goes out to the real homeless out there in the cold.
Its 10 below zero out there.
Refusing may be to adjust to the system.
Yesterday I rang up my record company to see if they would release the wobble and there answer was no.
And I really didn't mind feeling that I wanted to stay close to the people at the Rotonde and there for to my self.
So long I have lived in the limelight.
May be now is the time to live in mine.
And mine alone.
With out money in this world Herman has said we are not free.
And I had to think for a moment and he is right.
With out it we are so depended on food on clothing on housing.
It is the balance of and in this society.
Unless we live in the tropics start fishing pick bananas and wear just a fig leave.
Freedom is filling your heart with joy with goodness with bliss coming from the inside and to this belongs money to. To keep it alive.
To keep it breathing.
So that we are really free to go and grow in to whom we really are.

Beloved

**25-11-98
Rotonde**

Breathing, eating, listening, watching a world to which I wanted to be involved.
I seem to deliver a incredible story to the social security people.
Once more disbelieving me.
For to them it seems not to be true.
And I can't prove other wise.
Feeling once more that they want to form me in to one of their citizens.
Denying Luka "s talent and my heart holds a anger.
And no wonder I always flow a way like a birds song sing my melody of life.
One cannot blow out my candle of light.
It will flame until my last breath.
And so far have I managed for 54 years bringing me to many places but I survived. I learned I saw and slowly I saw me.
Often my heart cries for being so miss understood.
Other time they carry tears of joy for being given so much on my way.
On my path of growth towards my self.
Yes may it be a incredible story be course even I don't know why I am on this side of the road.
Seeing what I see.
Feeling what I feel. Going thru what others are going thru.
What roll do I play what roll am I inn?
Surely not hopeless. Tears yes. The star fallen no.
For my eyes are coming home to see.
Where I wanted to be a village called love being with and for the people.
I am learning what my vision is.
Now I live it on the other side.
But is there a difference really?
Not really says my heart not really things I am sure do happened in light
And it is light, which cast a shadow.

Beloved

**27-11-1998
Rotonde**

It is this 27-day of November 1998 that Luka still writes from the Rotonde.

Where some of my songs find their way.

And the sound of dance is found in the feet of some young ones.

Between doing the dishes and scrubbing the kitchen floor my ears listen and my eyes see man and women and children with out a home living and waiting.

Is this not my life too or had I made a choice in awareness to be homeless to end in nothingness.

To reach for fullness. So much this year on my road my path my last turn.

And still I eat still I have a bed and still I meet wonderful young people.

With light in there eyes and songs in there hearts.

Reaching out to people with love in their hearts that have lost there home in a home.

Its cold outside sometimes min 10 degrees.

And who wants to sleep there.

Maria and Jessica have crossed my path Maria is from Columbia living in Holland now for 4 years last week she had left her friend for she had been beaten to often. Scars on hands and neck prove their story. Jessica a little girl of 18-month brown eyes black hair drinks my love and I drink hers also when we dance. Oh how Luka loves this little child. Melting in to my heart such a real little girl it awakes sadness and gladness in my heart soul.

Missing so much my little son Daniel now in Germany.

Jessica and me we both drink from the love we share healing old aces and pains when our eyes have seen too much and our heart had mist the beat of loving. Having been rejected a bit to often.

Sitting in my warm room in the early hours of the morning
My head takes a spin.
In to past present and future and my belly feels the tears of by
gone pains of rejections.
Yet acceptance seems to surround my being contact with people
coming so close some also making music.
Taking an insight in to their lives which were and still are drugs
and alcohol.
They listen to house and techno music and often I find my self
dancing with them to the beat.
And here they are being pushed back in to society the market
place with out drugs with out alcohol.
And I wonder how they will be contented how they will fill them
self's.
Maybe with material things which will give them once more a
disillusion.
I wonder am I disappointed by life's creation.
And my answer is absolutely not. But still I find an inner peace of
rejection a hurt child a wound which partly healed and a other part
still needs the warmth of the sunlight.
Oh Luka's dream my dream to share. But have I taken enough on
the outside. Yes my answer is I got the whole world in my hands.
In it I will now make a house filled with wonderful people with heart
lights.
And far away in the distance there lies a village called love.
Filled with light for all the world to see.
Showing that our inner home will shine also in the valley of
darkness.
Replacing all drugs and alcohol.

28-11-98

**In my song you can listen to your heart light
It is the beat of saying you are all right
In my song you can listen to your melody
It is the light in you and me for all to see**

**Music opens the heart to you
Feel the rhythm in all you do
Like a star hangs in the sky
And every tear finds time to dry**

**In all my word you find a song
In the beat of life short or long
It is the dance of sounding free
Like the flied of a humble bee**

**Music opens the heart to you
Feel the rhythm in all you do
Like a star hangs in the sky
And every tear finds time to dry**

**In all creation of living and giving life
The sound you hear is round and round
Giving and taking breathing in and out
Playing music soft and loud in and out**

**Music opens the heart to you
Feel the rhythm in all you do
Like a star hangs in the sky
And every tear finds time to dry**

Across the kitchen table holding a hot cup of coffee I look Herman
 age 48 in his eyes.
 I love this man who most of his life has been a vagrant.
 And according to him a sometime alcoholic.
 Two and a half months he has been here. Daily he goes down town
 to sell his news papers the homeless times of which he is allowed
 to keep half of his money. The end of December he is moving in to
 a half way house where three other people live also once
 homeless.
 And once a week or month they get supervision.
 And from there on one can move to there own house.
 Oh what am I doing here I softly whisper to my heart , which side
 am I on.
 And than I feel what a great privilege it is to be here being one of
 them using my writing and singing talents going deeper in to me
 to see. The road to nothing.
 I wanted to write so much a book for so many years saying what
 my heart needs to say for it so often overflowing.
 Was it not 25 years ago that I walked around in Amsterdam with a
 8 millimeter film camera wanting to understand the homeless I
 had a big house then a car and much more. Why I then wondered
 drop people out of society go on drugs and alcohol .
 Why are there so many lost and lonely also seeing this on one of
 my trips in san Francisco people sleeping in empty carton boxes
 on the street.
 One would think this would not happened in Holland but it does.
 Have I than not taken a journey to my self for so many years
 finding the home in being homeless. The home of the heart and
 this river flow brought me here. The road to nothing filling my
 heart with fullness.
 Searching my inner home my inner light.
 Are you not afraid I asked Herman when you live on the streets like
 this.
 Maybe that you die of starvation.
 No was his answer for one can always steel.
 Is there than no fear for survival I ask Herman once again.
 Not for me he said sounding so wise. Unless you have
 cloustravobia
 When one is locked up.
 Don't you think I said to Herman that a person fills himself up with
 alcohol
 Be course we don't know how to fill our self's with other goodness
 life can bring.
 No was his answer and he stood up went on his way once more to
 sell
 The homeless times

Beloved

29-11-1998

Yesterday a day of loving and understanding.
A walk in the forest with Maria and little Jessica and Nick who
besides social studies does the sound for some documentaries .
What a wonderful day of sharing songs laughter and loving.
Being back at the Rotonde after such a wonderful day at night the
room was filled with candles burning also on the dining table.
Holding Jessica in my arms brings me tears and much joy.
Oh how I love this innocent little child.
With such a warmth and loving.
Oh how I missed living such a life with often such a longing for a
warmth little family.
And never has it come on my way.
My heart goes back to my little son in Germany Daniel of which I
see so little.
It is Sunday once more and it reminds me of Australia a song I
used to sing maybe much too often.
On a Sunday morning side walk when the body feels alone.....
Bring day once more the glory of the sun.
The light in which we are born. Giving birth to new moments.
The dance of sharing. Not for getting that Luka also has wants and
needs.
Like warm sincere friends.
Now a little house. The walks in the forests.
The joy and warmth of a child healing my own inner being.
Yes it is Sunday today I am back in Holland.
Walking towards love being love.
I am homeless with a home.
For the heart is home.
And in our heart shines a heart light.
To see our path ahead taking one step at the time.
Growing towards greater moments the fulfillment of one self.
And it hurts oh God sometimes it really hurts.

Beloved

30-11-1998

The beginning of a new week a song starting its melody.
And before it starts there is silence.
And I am feeling what my body is saying.
There hands a fear in my belly like a shower ready to burst open.
Are they my tears of past gone times yesterday hits me on my head.
For being the creator the artist I am.
So rejected as a child.
And always in Holland I meet this feeling of rejection in side of me.
The more I share here the more I feel this fear.
In so many other countries where I sang I don't encounter this.
Oh Luka flies so often away from the earth's tears toughing thorns.
But also roses. And often I see them after my tears have fallen.
Like a waterfall finding the river of life.
Oh music is my breath on which I sound.
My feet dance the song of life.

But still deep down there is a wound screaming softly.
No you cannot be who you are. You have to work says society.
But my songs keep sounding in and out me. And the comments I drink.
They are often so good, so sincere, so real.
Singer of light that's right.
That's right singer of light my whole life long.
There is no other path than my way.
So long I have been strong so long I sang my song.
The way is the way and we all have that way.
But one needs to pay the price of being nice.

Beloved

1-12-1998

Time keeps moving on all we need to do is wait and see.

How we fill our time.

Day by day moment to moment second by second.

It is cold here in Holland in the winter and Christmas is moving towards us or are we moving towards Christmas..

The year 1999 is soon on our doorstep the year 2000 is insight.

A few days ago I was asked if I thought the world would disappear and we both agreed that it would not.

But that one-day we may all live in bunkers or sit on a little boat.

And say to one and other.... My god old chap what do you think happened and it reminded me of a little song I wrote. When the mountains crumble oceans disappeared and people tumble in fear. You will fly like an eagle looking down below and say I didn't know. I didn't know.

Awareness being awake in all we are being aware in all we do.

Seeing our potential of growth that we all can build that we all can destroy.

Something like a rebirth to a higher space insight us.

Where love is compassion and compassion the flower of who we really are.

Each one of us unique, we miss so much, our self's, for always we look there.

While we are here. In this and only this.

And this we can transform in to a song the melody we are.

A flaming torch holding up for others so we don't stumble.

Beloved

2 12 1999

**Looking inside out in our mirror of life creation reflecting life song
the miracle on which we can dance our seed coming a life in light
on Gods melody.**

So often I have wondered which was first the chicken or the egg.

Later in my life the search was for light was I first or the light.

Of course my love the answer is obvious.

**If light was always there it has come in to us as a seed and we can
bring light to light.**

The light of love.

The brilliance of creation.

3-12-1998

Beloved

Swinging on high waves washing ashore taking me back again to the ocean.....

Here where I wash the dishes.

Here I write songs and cook food for 15 people in all so many way's it is like a

A little village a home for the homeless.

For beaten up women with children.

And young rug addicts found a new harbor of light, sailing once more to the
market place finding not their place but a conferment in society a house

A car a job and the dream of nature is sounding so far away.

The sound of loving holding no trumpets angel sounds.

But a lived structure created by many sheep.

And yet my eyes see and my heart smile at the young once.

Like Jessica 18 months old her mother beaten by an alcoholic friend.

Now friend?

Jessica half Columbian melts daily in my loving heart, we both play the song of
loving, of innocents, and together we look around at the world and each other

And smile that smile of we don't know.

I carry her in my arms and deep in my heart her deep bruin eyes filled with
wonder toughing my soul.

I give she gives.

And softly I sing and whisper to her it is a good world after all.

Don't forget the flowers and the sun, and than we both dance our way to
nowhere, me smiling with an acing heart, putting my tears aside for an other
night. And little Jessica feels the moment of warmth, filling a cap, of missing a
drunken papa.

I am drunk with her love of innocents.

4-12-1998

Beloved

Two weeks have passed since my arrival here at the Rotonde.

A little over three weeks since I left my beloved island Crete.

It is freezing cold in Holland and my legs don't walk the streets.

My feet don't touch the soul between the trees which I love so dearly.

I awareness of silence.

My room is warm, and my pen flows across paper.

My heart sings songs and words which find their way in to a song on my

Guitar. Sometimes happy with a wonderful melody.

Other times a little sad for my lost dream, or is it lost ? I am wounded.

Life is now meeting many people of all walks of life, also children with so much

Anger in their hearts running around in a circle I am sure they were not born

this way. Being hit once to often. And are now hitting back.

And for this are being hit again. One can see what life may bring them now and

In the future, also I find it difficult, to watch, to see, and my belly turns around

Filled with tears.

Often Luka sings songs for them and sing and play the wobble, and all seems

So very happy.

This is the world this is society, on its edge showing that inner happiness is

So in portent.

For we all live in a house we all have enough to eat and drink often very

delicious

And yet something is missing, it is more than a home.

And my eyes see young people here in the living room stoned some even

taking ecstasy pills, or breathing laughing gas from a balloon.

It is difficult to laugh at our situation, also for me.

Where is meditation where is creation that fills their heart their soul there being.

Tonight Luka cooks once more for his friends and while doing so dancing the

night away on the rhythm of house music.

4-12-1998

Beloved

**Just taking a shower and eaten some breakfast washed down with hot coffee
My hands went for the cheese and chocolate flakes covering my bruin slices of
bread like the snow covers the streets and fields here in Holland.**

The Rotonde gives the paper I now write on to me, the pen is mine.

And the words you read already excisted. They are just being rearranged.

Giving something form.

Reading often what I have written in disbelieve, of the journey I am going throe.

**Wondering also will others also profit from what I have written is my song
worth listening to.**

Well never have I been so happy to work and take my time to create this.

**It is my painting, painting life in to a song a melody with tears and fears falling
getting up going forward looking inside me what strings still fiber ate, in anger,
in loving, listening to my heart beat of pat hurts seeing other 15 or sixteen
years old girls and boys trying to find there way to them self's.**

Blowing blowing and blowing.

And Luka wonders can there be other wind in them?

**Blowing them to an other wind in them, blowing them to there wishes of a
loving life a loving home a loving friend.**

And I start feeling like a Papa wanting the best for there children.

Wanting the best for him self.

**Soon Jessica having now a flue will wake up I cant wait for the moment to
come to hold to her once more look her deep in her deep bruin eyes.**

And softly sing... I am your friend.....

4-12-1998

Beloved

Snowflakes are filling my eyesight and the sun is showing its face here in Holland, how wonderful it all looks, and so much light at once.

On a day like this I realize that so many days are filled with darkness, this time far too long for people here in the Netherlands.

Two weeks of sunshine is not too much in one year.

How blessed have I been this year in the Swiss, in Ticino, with so much warmth of the sun, and then of course Crete where one never really wonders if it is going to rain.

The sky makes the sea so blue when there are no clouds.

Walking here at the Rotonde in the very large garden which almost looks like a forest with trees so tall I fell in to my old dream a village called love on the island of Crete and I wondered do I still have that strength to plan and build and put something together?

And my belly feels the warmth of my dream and tears of unfulfillment.

I am here I hear my heart say to learn what can be learned, building now my own foundation first, firm roots.

A moment ago my eyes focused on a little plant just growing above the grass surrounded by snow it looks so fragile, so greatly bright, and it was surviving.

Drinking the snow, I drink to, reflections of others in me, some times looking with clear eyes at what is.

Thoughts go back and forth, and in between is this and only this.

The footsteps, the snow, the plant, moving with nature, and nature is us.

In any wind or rain.

Beloved

5-12-98

Not so long and very slowly the days are moving to the year 1999 the last year of the beginning year 2000.

Today it is St. Nicolas day here in The Netherlands and a few more weeks it is Christmas time. And will look at in the face. Why I write this Luka does not know.

For my self I love to see my o\pen flow like a river sawing the golden threads of living together walking on the line of living creation.

The road we travel we maybe all travel.

Yesterday I was asked by someone when will my book be finest and closing my eyes I said the moment I hold the key and put it in the door of my new house here in Holland. only than will this journey have ended.

Than this little book will have found its way to ending.

And a new door in my life will have opened.

It is difficult to believe that after having lost my little house in Hilversum so soon a new one will come on the way while others have to wait for years.

Slowly I will have to see working towards roots in Holland from there to flower in a quit manner.

My heart goes out to settle here, in the mean time I still clean the kitchen floor at the Rotonde and cook meals besides writing and singing.

Someone said Luka you make an opera out of everything.

And maybe they are so right.

We all are the conductor of our living breath dying to growth.

With high notes with low one's singing the song of being alive.

Beloved

Am I a writer? Am I a singer?

Do I write so I can sing or do I sing so that I can write?

Loving both so very much in the silent hours of the morning.

Drinking coffee smoking a cigarette which I really should not.

But still I do.

I look at other moments in Holland when I felt like this and once more it is my little house and my computer in the early hours of the morning.

The silent joy of my own acceptance and the terrible pain of rejection by so many family members.

People around me not understanding.

Even as a child my Father destroyed much of what I had written as a child

And for long I looked when I was writing or composing songs over my shoulders as if someone wanted to destroy my creation.

And then the many comment writers don't make money.

Did other artists make money specially the once with a burning flame.

When I was younger I went so often to the museum here in Holland to

look at Rembrandt and specially van Gogh I even went down once to Arles for three months to follow his footsteps and felt his suffering but also the burning flame of light. A torch in hand.

While being called a lazy bastard a dreamer in a negative sense.

By people who cannot walk in their own footsteps.

Not seeing their face, and hating me for walking in mine.

And then I find myself running from the pain of rejection and being rejected again.

Flying to rivers mountains and valleys the ocean of living and sing again to survive so the beauty can reflect once more in my heart and see that life after all is so wonderful.

Until I return again in Holland and all starts all over again.

Before I started this journey I was hurt so much so very much and I walked a way from my pain my silence the inner child no longer able to cope here I let them cut me with their knives.

Now I learn to look at my rejection.

I am in action.

6-12-1998

Beloved

Nest to my room I hear little Jessica play with her mother doing a lot of baby talk a sound I love so much from her.

Last we had to call the doctor for her coughing became so bad and she got some new medication.

This morning I hear her coughing a little less.

Yesterday morning I looked at Jessica's mother Maria her long black hair was hanging loose over her shoulders down to her waist and her big black Columbian eyes were looking deep in to mine oh how I wanted to hold her but it was not the way the really fall in to love with her but a loving friend is what she needed.

Doing the cooking and the dishes with Jessica playing around us we almost look like a little family and I saw that it was good so very good.

Maria so strong so warm and loving laughing and singing even after her ex friend had beaten her up so very badly her body showing many terrible bruises.

How great full I was for these two flowers on my path filling a gap in me Of which I longed often so very much but silently knew it will never be my way.

And one wants to hold on to such a dear moment in life.

Yesterday morning I rang up my little son once more Daniel in Germany Just returned from Majorca for a holiday.

Oh how I miss seeing him growing up the wonderful joy of togetherness. Now Jessica fills his place and Maria 20 years younger than me now also waiting for a house.

Two grown up people with the power of love and laughter doing dishes Singing songs silently knowing all will pass all will pass.

Once more on this Sunday morning site walk at the Rotonde in the early hours of the morning, my little stereo installation is sounding music. It is a gift from Ernst Jan it is strange how those things come my way.

And I am deeply touched by his gift.

From an other staff member I was allowed to borrow his photo camera with film and made some pictures of the Rotonde and Maria with Jessica.

Why I wondered and my thoughts go to seeing photos by what I have written so far and I am writing so much every day new pages are giving birth. New songs are sounding the air and the birds in the trees are listening and answering my call of melody.

Why I once more wondered is Luka in this situation going thru what all of us here is going thru. May be seeing more than most of them here.

And yet I'm so silently happy so very happy with nothing I feel I have it all, creating this flower and bringing me this wish to see this published one-day.

Seeing people hopelessly lost, in life reflecting my age when I was young. So very much rejected as a child, so unbelievable lost.

Kicking back at the world for once and even now the world kicks them.

A vicious circle which has to be broken.

Where will they end?

Often I don't know what to say to them, when I see that they are stoned again or have taken some other drugs here against the rules.

And as punishment have to leave the house in return for the streets.

And some of them go smiling not even giving a shit once more kicking the world in which we all turn around.

Beloved

7-12-1998

Living with a group of people is giving me sometimes too much of something.

Why is there always one that spoils so much for every one?

Here I a 16 year old who knows how to suck the blood from under neath your finger nails.

Rejected by his father rejected by his mother and now rejected by so many around me also I have great difficulty not to reject him by his terrible behavior.

We so often confirm what our parents did to us, and then going from home to home place to place always making sure one is rejected one is no good.

Not aware of his or her methods living a life so lost so unhappy.

And spoiling the sphere of the whole house.

In many way's it is unbelievable.

That one person can have so much influed, wake up such an irritation.

Such anger when one lives in a house like this it is difficult to avoid.

Oh problems in the world are you there to solve?

Confront us with who we are always when we make contact with people are there conflicts in very relation it is so.

My eyes have seen this much to often even in meditation resorts in America when I was there or in India. And still Luke's has this dream a village called love.

And no wonder in such a world in such a society we need more places of growth for each one of us to see how we can be aware and behave differently so we all can learn to flower.

The year 1998 now being in the last month of the year and what a moving year so much contrast so many emotions so many feelings so much ego death and so many questions unanswered.

Why I wondered is this year like no other has been before?

And is one really responsible for all we are?

At first I would say yes we are and then seeing my life I would say no absolutely not when all is one we then we are all part of each other breathing the air of one and other.

And is there not something beside our self when we live so close with the spirit so in harmony with our being is God song then not sang and we are his melody?

So often I look at the stars and see them twinkle in the night and see the foolishness of mankind on such a little globe with millions of other stars around us and endless sky's of which we not really know the end and then we think we are so in portend such a ego hurting one and other so much.

But are some of us like me not living in a world without choice where there is no other way to do but what we have to do bringing us to places and situations where we can learn to grow and see others better by seeing our self's.

Looking back in to my life I am often so great full for the hell I otherwise would not have found heaven. And see that this earth is a paradise for all of us. Each and every one.

But the word transformation is often so absent in the lives of so many.

Often we don't have a choice or should I say we have no choice.

We only think we do.

But acceptance of what we are a current flowing thru our veins of strength pushing our feet in other directions in which we need to go.

To learn something on less we hold on to our own river of will.

Have I not heard Osho say now that I leave my body I will follow you to every nook and corner of the earth.

And whenever you are loving I will walk right beside you.

Words from a master never born they say never died.

To which I said yes and he gave me the name Alok Gayaka which means singer of light and he was right I sing this song all my life.

But still so much is unanswered it is now 8 years since I have been in India and saw with my own eyes his body being burned.

Dressed in a white robe I stood there singing this song by the river with thousands of friends around the universe is singing a song the universe is dancing along the universe is singing on a day like this.

And maybe this is what I try to say that when we let go we flow on a river not knowing where we land, I now I have landed here the Rotonde the home for the homeless and many wondered why is a man like that here. But also I do not have the answer as yet.

Beloved

7-12-1998

If we stood still for one moment asking our selves why do we live?
Not many true answers will be given.
If we stood still and ask our selves who are we so many would not know
What to say.
I heard not many say I am going to nowhere, or I live to be alive
Growing towards my light.
I heard not many say I am home and the horizon is my breath.
The breath I breathe en the stars my bed room light, no I don't hear these
things to often.
But what I do see and hear are people leading other people in their mind
there structure thee ways so insecure.
Even though it looks right there is no security.
For me there is only one way and that is your own.
Your own way brings you to your heart alone.
The beat that move you on the river taking you home.
Giving you a reason to live just being love is anough.
The moon is the moon the flower is the flower and you are you.
Born to be right or wrong.
Be silent or sing a song let it be your silence let it be your goodness.
The goodness of life like peeper and salt.
The salt of the sea and the pepper of living.
Burning in to one flame of love.

Beloved

8-12-1998

Yesterday searching for my web site trying to find my project Power of a healing voice set up by Mike the bull on the Island of Greece.

Under the name of luka.org I found two C.D.'s

The thing within and the Power of a healing voice.

Under the companies name of MS.Music.Hellas.

What is Mike the bull doing having dropped the whole web site.

Or is he hiding the project under a different name ?

And I can not find it.

Why does my stomach turn around and my head spin when I think of all this a guy out there on the island of Crete from Germany as hard as a stone a raving bull who was once my brother and has changed so much the last two years since I signed all these contracts with him.

It is oh so difficult to imagine that I did sign to him so many songs and books of poetry.

And never seen one penny for them.

Still I believe still I trust still I say my head is spinning my stomach turning around.

Difficult oh so difficult to accept that I may have fallen in to the hands

Of someone possessed with the thoughts of once more becoming rich.

With the power of him and not of a healing voice.

Not out of love.

A heart like mine always attracts a mind.

To be exploded I let this happen in blindness of love wanting to share so much but the price I pay now makes my heart ache and my stomach turn in to a hell.

Beloved

8-12-1998

Being good to one self.

Am I being good to me ?

Being at the Rotonde no money no house temperatures below freezing point a warm bed a heated room often meeting wonderful people which

Normally I would not have had cooking doing dishes cuddling Jessica

Sometimes being told what to do getting 25 gld pocket money a week

And the horizon is telling me there may well be a house in sight.

With lots of creative silence.

And may be start a new village called love with different people or let the dream.

And just share my voice my songs, words, what a year , what a year.

So poor I am here in Holland in such a rich and fast country.

And so fulfilled on the the Island of Greece.

With the same things I possessions, once more here in this system one

Needs so much to stay fulfilled.

Why then I ask am I here to organize from my silence flowing in a non

In a non doing being creative.

And there I have to sing to survive.

And than ofcourse the winter months.

It does feel good to be here now seeing the trees meeting very good

People with the warmth of a candle light in there eyes.

And the joy of a song.

So seldom I meet this when I travel.

Or just for very short moments for always I had to fly away.

To other moments learning to let go of all.

Flying to me and from me to you.

The warmth of being.

Once more I am sitting in my little room at the Rotonde in the silent early
Hours of the morning.

Nexst door Maria with Jesica are still asleep.

Maria such a strong and courages women with a lovely youg little girl who
Keep my heart open and my own inner child awake.

Herman who wakes up around the same time as me, o me as him had like
Always the coffee ready.

And we both talkt about life homeless people, and some who lived here.

About two of the youger genaration breaking the rules and were put back
In to the streets.

Oh how my life has change sinds I played the stars on the Island of Crete.

Ruud who set up a crises centrum 20 years ago with around 30 volantly
Workers studeing to be social workers drives around in this old little van

Of his some times to doktores hospitals or buing craserys for us all.

Or like yesterday moving a chinees mother with a little boy in to there new
Home I offerert my assistance and together we brought the little furniture

we had to here apartment on the fifth floor.

Oh how I love to be of assistance feeling so at home doing this work.

Sometimes it becomes a bit to much being here all day but writing and

But writing and singing meeting these wonderful people I would not

Miss for anything in the world.

And sometimes my heart crys for having missed so much the last years.

The warmth the love the circle of life, The Rotonde the laughter and tears.

Beloved

10-12-1998

Why does my heart ache so much when ever I think or feel about my dream Village of love.

Here is one and I am staring it right in to the face but I have landed on the other side of the coin.

Does it really matter in life what site I am on ?

When once heart is over flowing, there will be no leaders all hearts will be one voice says my voice on one of my records and all women and man will be equal .

Soon I may have a house there is much that I have seen and learned here.

Will I return here to work?

To help it grow ?

From the other side ? It would not surprise me at all here is a village

A home with more homes around growing always growing and in it I found a place deeply I love it there is so much on can do.

And is doing.

But Luka holds back moving forward step by step little by little towards him self, two legs on the ground, two feet back in to the earth.

Finding roots of solid growth.

So that a new leave in a new book can open.

To flower in sun wind in rain.

Beloved

11-12-1998

Yesterday I wrote a old bicycle to Amersfoort and there I walked through its centrum in and out shops. Looking at the wonderful little streets and the old buildings.

One of the shops was a book store and it was there that I found a new addition of the well known phygietrist Jan Foudraïne.

Author of about 8 books once a very good friend and living some 15 years ago in my house a little centrum in barn, It was then that I

Recorded all of his work on audio and video.

Organise workshops, seminars travel with him, oh this is all so long ago. But the moments of hundreds of hours of listening are still griffed in my memories.

Here is a man searching, having found, bringing you his message.

The message of other enlightened masters.

Osho, Krishnamurti, Alexandra Smit, he put them all together showing us a way out or should I say a way in.

What contrast I thought holding his books in my hand called a man who dropped his brain in to his heart.

As I put it down the thought come up was not I such a man

But why no money I wondered, no possessions.

Now living at the Rotonde writing this what is the difference ?

Sure this is my way is it better is it worth ?

And I see not much difference, I am so happy with nothing.

And later that day I look at the title of one of my C.D.s

And read the title thing within you can't explain and it is so with me.

I can not explain this in nothing is so much so very much.

In an very large department store...
 There I saw yesterday a very large christmas tree.
 And in that christmas tree one could hang a wish for some one else.
 And on the card formed like a star I made a wish for the Rotonde to have
 to a little childrens corner with chairs tables and toys.
 For often these childrenen wee beaten and homeless.
 Last night a Gypsie women from Yugoslavia with three little children
 arrived here the yougist being only two months old.
 The eldest about four years.
 It was a chaos here in the house.
 One needs a lot of patience and compassion to handle all the children
 with there mothers.
 There back ground often very trumemeteic .
 As I am not one of the staff members I don't know there case history and
 have to take there case on face value tears fears and pain, aggression,
 cooking meals, doing dishes, reaching out with a helping hand.
 Seeing 25 a 30 voluntary staff reaching out an helping hand studing on
 the social academy where I once was
 Among them many cristians wanting to do good others filled with so
 much light open for so much and still so young.
 Not yet knowing how to handle the situation.
 Still projecting there own emotions, conditions of which have become
 the victum .
 And Herman keeps on selling his News papers the homeless times.
 With out shoes out in the cold, hair uncombed a prickeling beard.
 Holding his image upright, its his living.
 A wonderfull man knowing living knowing life.
 On the streets for 30 years.
 A homeless man with a home.

Beloved

11-12-1998

Being right smack bang boom in the middle of the market place of
 everything, watching life in all its facets how gratefull I am or should be

also digesting my own emotions watching my irritations my compassion
my growth the world of non identifications.

But of being often in a hell of shouting people frustrated with life drugs
acohole, not even drifting not even aware of there being where silence is
still a thread and swearing is there daily task.

And there children are brought up filling the world with more kicks more
aggression.

No this will never stop, but others wil go on to bring light in to there night.
Both will always be there like left and right they belong together like day
or night to reach for twilight.

Lifes river holds her flow from two sides directing us to the ocean of
loving of being love.

The salt of living upon our tong,tasty full with loving flavour pepper and
salt to reach for the honey of life.

A paradise in light for all who are breathing in night.

We all go our ways our path with learning to be aware mabe many lifes
many breaths the balance of creation being the shore around the holy
fire.

Beloved

12-12-1998

As quickly as she came she went again And I mean the Yugoslavian
women with her tree children.

Last night Maria and me cooked for about 15 people here and it tasted delicious it was a very well known dutch meal boeren kool an farmers dish with sausage and as desert vanilla ice cream with little Yessica running around in the large kitchen it felt so good being for a moment a little familie.

Something I have missed for so long, there was laughter there were songs and lots of cuddles and candles burning on the dining table.

Writing this page makes me feel good seeing how it grows of a man like me with a dream and deeply rooted.

There is still so much pain and tears when ever I think and talk about my dream "village of love" and slowly it becomes clear to me the failures I made. Distrusting my own strength and given it in the hands of others.

Who don't have the love but only dollar signs in thee eyes.

How I could have choosen such hatefull people I don't know.

How blind have I been letting others have total control over my creative work.

Publicicing it with what and how they want it for gain of money and power.

For my dream to awake I have to start almost again this time surrounde by people in and of light.

Beloved

12-12-98

And I wanted to build a village or rebuild an excisting one filled with light.
For all the world to see.

But I forgot the practical side, the wonderful roots of growth.

A organization of people who know how to organize.

Friends of friends.

Deep oh so deep I cried my tears of loneliness almost given up on my dream my wish. And than out of nowhere one would say out of the blue a wonderful young lady a member of the staff with the name of Vivi comes along and says don't give up your dream now.

Here is the young and old together, light is timeless, the young say stand up man and keep building and a other staff member also an young lady with a wonderfull name of Ester which means star keeps running around me wearing a t'shirt in black with word printed in white saying, Between dream and deeds are laws and practical things blocking the road and also sadness which noone can explain and this feeling comes at night just before one goes to sleep.

Such a little poem saying so much doing so much. Ester saying so much.

Oh how much I learn here between ters and strength.

A crises centrum for people also for me, being put on the road it is killing my ego. On my way. The way to being light.

There is no other side.

But there is an dream, My dream and wishfully also for many others.

Beloved

13-12-1998

Slowly my heart awakes once more in my dream.

Seeing failure upon failure.

In its structure in its planning it is almost as if Luka that's me has said
you can not hold such a dream it is too pure to real.
And fear of being rejected has me playing the ball.
In to the hands of others.
Before my dream could even awake.
One can not walk very far with one foot on the ground and staying so
often with my self.
We need to carry the dream together in to the world on many shoulders a
planning a structure with people open to light awake to our own
darkness, being able to stand when fallen.
Transforming the blows along the way.
If some one is to ask me Luka out of what has your dream given birth I
would than answer out of my sleep out of my darkness out of my thorn
out of my cry in the wilderness. Being often oh so alone.
In the dessert not finding my path seeing stars not knowing them.
Yes I would say I looked at nature and see all flowering so why not us.
I have seen wounds being healed others going astray and so many
breathing unaware.
All this gave birth to a dream in my sleep.
A seed to flower in light for all to see, vulnerable to all around for always
there is a storm on our way as well as sunshine .

Beloved

13-12-1998

It is Sunday morning.

Inside the Rotonde everyone is asleep except for Herman and me who already had there koffie.

Outside a very strong wind is blowing, mixed with rain.

The temperatures are around 6 –8 degrees above zero.

And even the daytime holds a very strong darkness.

A few more days and xmas is staring in our face. I can not say that I am looking forward to it but I enjoy the candle light and the coming of the year 1999 in which we all need to see a strong light. Moving slowly towards the year 2000. There will be so many people getting nervous and aggressive so many changes will be made.

One needs only to look at Holland this year two weeks of sunshine and the rest rain is not much light.

The psychotherapists are working over time.

Yesterday my little son Daniel and Dagmar telephoned me from Germany and they sounded almost happy that I had landed in a place like the rotonde, where real people are living and working she knows me better than often I think.

Even though I am on this side of the fence I wonder is there a side ?

And my heart says no the true way is being a friend for and to each other.

Each one of us searching and sharing holding a light every day in darkness, for others to see their path their Christmas their rebirth which can flower every day.

Beloved

14-12-1998

It is said that when nothing is said truth will enter.

And all words are still mind.
Even the once from the heart.
In total silence of your heart beat your voice will sound the sound of you.
Let it there for be filled with light.
Never give energie to darkness.
Unless we seek the depth of finding our selfs the light we are.
A tunnel where at the end is an loving an fulfillment an compassion.
A overflowing cup wanting to share without gain, let it be of gratefulniss
let it be of gratefulniss towards the other of having taken you gift.
Unburded you from an ripening tree with ripening fruits of living
exsperiance.
Following your path feeling every footstep of the way, taking deep breath
to go on.
Being an light of loving for and in the world.
For than you are unselfish love.
Never seek pefection but acceptance of growth when you accept others
will be accepted in loving embrace in the world we live.
There is only one answer all the others lead towards it.
Love and only love seeing what love is a being of light.
Of endless growth and in this growth we flower like a flower sawing
seeds upon the earth to flower.

Beloved

14-12-1998

A long time ago some eight years in India Poona I was for a few months in the asram. It was there that I met Arpana an German women phygologist.

Having been uot with her the night before for dinner we both had a wonderful opertunity to know one and other.

The next day how can I forget she suddenly came up to me in the asram and said sit down and as I did she she looked me deep in my eyes and told me I see a man you afraid of his strength. And in order not to grow holding on to the past.

I was shocked by what she told me it hit me right smack bang in the middle of my heart.

And it was at that moment a sort of transformation toke place.

Instead of a little frightend boy in me my legs filled with strength fear from my belly disappeared.

And I walked around as if I owned the place.

I was allowed to be.

For the first time some one had seen and given me insight instead of going back in to regression and I felt the strength of a lion.

Was my power so great that I had become frightend ?

Not wanting to see it ?

Now so many years later my answer is yes and it often still is.

Arpana how to thank you after all those years there must be many of us frightened of the true strength going back not to go forward.

And the more power we have the greater the fear.

Walking back thinking we are growing but growth we find in this and only this.

With temperatures of around 10 degrees moving towards xmas I just had my last coffee with Herman, very early this morning.
Today he is leaving to live in a little house a pension together with a few other homeless people under supervision.
Thirty years on the street knowing this life of a vagrant where to sleep and how to survive.
He will cont selling his homeless times.
I hope to meet him again, and feel I wil.
Finding him a wonderful intelegent men.
Set in his oh so own way.
Oh How I miss our talks together but life and changes are happening.
Also wonderful Maria with my darling jesica May soon be leaving.
Also to live in a pension together with other women.
Untill she gets the house she wants and a permit to stay in this country.
I have got no words to speak how I will miss these friends also Ping ping with her little son from china always telling me she is 88 years old. While in fackt she must be around 20.
Once I had the prevelege to hear her sing in chinees to her little son and it was wonderful.
Sometimes it is difficult her with all hose screaming children.
With there screaming mothers. And my ears want silence.
Seeing how the children are being brought up is often hurting my eyes.
And my heart says sstay with you self Luka and when I do I feel yesterdays pain my body sometimes tense drinking life wine which sometimes taste like vinagar.

Beloved

15-12-1998

So this is the world to.
 This is Holland if one has no money if one has no house than this.
 The system swallows you in there computers.
 And many prefer to stay homeless.
 No wanting to be in grip of a system of do goods.
 Some system people are very sincere.
 Me I let this happened blowing with the wind taking me to this but I had a
 chose It didn't have to be this way but I toke it strange anough.
 And I am writing about it for getting that I am a writer all my life it has
 been this way going throu the motion to end up singeing and writing.
 Now I am homeless and still singing and still writing.
 It is my resposebility .
 Freedom turning against me making me unfree in a world with rules and
 systems.
 Is this why so many turn criminal ?
 Leading to disator ?
 Oh I am almost anger I am but between the words there are flowers.
 Beautiful flowers.
 I meet and see them here, young people with such a natural light.
 Like Ester Or wiwin.
 With a taste for joy for dance for song with a taste for being loving.
 From a sharing heart.
 And they look at me knowing my dream.
 And they wisper across the table holding in there hands a cup of coffee
 don't give up now Luka don't let your wisdom go to waste.
 And I look in to there eyes and my lips wishper but already I have lived
 for so long done so much almost feeling the end is near.
 But still wanting to be a old man.
 I find it difficult to hold the torch the burning flame which keeps me alive.
 Dancing in to a song a compasioned heart.
 Reaching out to me reaching out to you.
 And I hear wiwin say come on Luka.
 Awake your dream.
 And my heart shets tears of knowing.

And Once more I looked across the kitchen table in to the deep blue eyes
of Ester making koffie.
When suddenly she said why don't you go out and do some voluntary
work for a few days a week.
And after a little discussion I thought I got the point.
A uniek opertunity to leave and come back to work at the Rotonde.
Being here all day and all night.
A change to come and be closer to people meeting my strength in the
market place. And giving others what they need giving me what I need.
But where I asked her like a little boy and her first answer was in the
world of phycaitiry.
Across the Rotonde is a phygicatric hospital.
Wel may e I said looking in side of me.
And I felt my strength.
My wel being.
May be there would be an new beginning.
On a road of loving with people that need help.
Besides bringing out CD's poetry and songs.
May be one day doing my own group giving meditation.
And once more doing this writing I feel that doing this would be an
wonderful road to walk on healing people with sounds.
And songs letting there heart sing.
Letting me sing again.

When Oh when did my dream my village of love give birth in me, and my answer is I don't know.

Was it 25 years ago way back in Australia Greylands hospital Claremont. Where I was as a patient full with fears and tears.

Together with other beautyfull people artist of life.

Like David Helfgott the pianist. Now world famous and many must know the film Called "shine".

It must have been in seeing so many wonderful flowers being trampelt upon by society, ofcourse all is about me, rejected by parents, called a dreamer in a negative way and many more things.

And yet Luka changed greylands riverton house in to a more therapeutic ward being more responsible towards our selfs.

Oh lover this was all so long ago.

Having to leave so many wonderful people behind, flying back to Holland.

Haven given me a parker pen to write with I treasure so very much 25 years now or nearly 30 anyway and many songs and poems I kept my promise that I would keep on writing and singing.

Never forgetting what Wald Witman has said.

"I have promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep"

yes I am keeping my promise even after 25 years going through very much my self to innerly know to know no more.

And letting you hear and taste it in the form wich comes to me of a song a poem proza oh so simple from the heart.

For people whos heart is still a prison whos hand and feet are bound by a unknow society .

They are so often the flowers in the world creators seeds to flower totally misunderstood like me.

Who deserve to live and breeth in a village called love a village of creation.

Spreading there wonderful heart light all around.

A few pages a day seems to roll from my pen in the silent hours of the morning.
And sometimes I wonder is it all interesting what I have to write.
So many have said sing and write for your self and I do it for me for you.
It is giving me a wonderful feeling the more I share the more my heart fills with loving compassion. In oh so many ways.
And many find this so very hard to believe.
The road alone is not an easy road may be the very hardest.
The whole world is based on getting survival in this society.
May be so many are wrong.
And I happened to be right it can happen but what is right what is wrong when we learn from both.
But I really feel before we fill our pockets we have to empty them first.
To attain another fulfillment.
And once that is attained another fulfillment takes place a fulfillment of loving of compassion.
And the rivers the mountains the wonderful ocean the bird that sing become ours to hold without possession.
And this fullness of life this overflowing cup will say my God I have forgotten all about a house to live in.
For it is cold and it is wet and it is rainy.
And if you don't think like this you will end up writing a book like me in the Rotonde meeting so many wonderful people.
And a house ah I live in one now.
And soon another will be on my way.
And a fridge and a TV who cares when one has so much invisible to share.

Yesterday tears rolled down my cheeks from my heart finding there way to nowhere.
They were my tears of letting go.
Little Yessica and Maria have found them self a tempory home.
Maria needing the time to come to her self is now better to be left alone for a while having filled a place for both of them in mine and there hearts.
We all eased our pain with joy laughter and tears.
I don't htik one could have done more for one and other.
Always I seem to be there and than no more.
Charing me drinking the other.
Now I sit here in the early hours of the morning with out the wakening sound of Jesica and the laughter of maria.
Always I have a open heart for mother and child sometime wishing I had a familie to live with. But my life is not so the river does not flow that way.
I am a sharer a giver of what one ask for.
Also I hit some one when ask for like turning the tables.
In the coming days I will see if I can do some volantery work for the homeless.
It will be a new start out side the Rondonde.
My heart is even opening more.
The ego melting like snow under the sun.
No I am not a good samareten.
This is Luka hearing within saying you stil have so much to share.
And that is what it is first my poems my songs now me as a person.

My heart and soul as one great whole.

Beloved

18-12-1998

So often my love the last few weeks I have to think

Of a little story being here in a few words about a man wanting to visit the king at the palace at his arrival by the front gate he met a gardener and the man went forth finding his way in to the palace.

Which was lead to the throne room. And the doors opened.

He was astonished at what he saw upon the throne was sitting the gardener this must be a joke said the man, no joke said the king.

But a moment ago I spoke to you thinking you were the gardener.

No joke said the king again one can only step down when one can step up.

And the visitor fell down to his knees.

Touched his feet and had found his master.

Beloved

19-12-1998

Love for me is a circle of creation going around and round.

And in this roundness we have been given an change to become aware.
Thus the circle becomes wider and wider.
It can become so wide that all is contained in to this circle.
As a oneniss as a whole.
Oh lover in the world I speak to you only in symbols awareniss has no
pictures it can not be painted or written down but we do.
And that's where all the confusion starts.
We see things which are not there.
We say things which are not said.
No one holds the words of thruth.
No one has the hand to paint gods song not even a flavour of it.
No one can paint love ,no one can paint light but we can be both.
But love some times it can happened that the right touch the right melody
Opens the window to you your face.
All around us are windows my love alive in us.
Are we not the other and the other not us.
Even the animal reflects our inner being.
Than if life is a mirrow seeing our self we are the authentic ones the face we
are so many searce in some way some how to come home.
Traveling drifting watching.
Know my love that you are that you authentic that you are real.
Alive in aliveness.
Touching the light in you.

Trough the other.

19-12-1998

If my love my eyes touches you and a flame of love arises in our eyes like
the moon shine on the river.
Know then lover the light of all is blazing in our eyes.
Like the wind is coursing waves upon the ocean.
Oh my love we are so lost to be found.
Oh my love we are such an ego to be no more.
I am not your writer I am not your singer or your poet.
No I am none of these things I am an loving friend in your search of you.
And even that is too much to say.
A flower is a flower of being not wanting not hoping.
The sun my love shines upon the earth.
But never have I heard it speak or say I am going to do that or I am going to
do this.
No it sends its vibrations it radiates .
In hate or in love we can radiate or rather we already do.
It is our choice which one we choose in our world in our univers our planet
all grows to transform.
Life is a transformation we my love are in transit traveling to the height in
us a flame rises it burns all down.
All that is light rises in you feet firmly on the ground.
Nose in the wind giving your heart wings to fly.
Flying to you touching the other.
In loving embrace in grace with clear eyes open heart.
Where all heart are one song one melody.
Gods song.

Yes it is Sunday morning.
Far away in Amersfoort I hear the church bells ringing.
And last night one could hear the sound of bombs being thrown on Bagdad.
The world in unrest now for 4 days.
And Bil Clinton crismas cards are flying high in the sky comin down with a
big bang.
And Sadam sits waits looks for which moment we do not know.
Some times I feel fear in my belly for in the year 1999 any thing can
happened.
Fear echos across the nation oh world what are you today and becoming to
tomorrow.
How I remember some of Oshos last words in Poona turn inside your self
for it is five past twelf.
Save your self for so much wil and is happening in the world.
And the people wait look and do nothing.
Always's I felt that the year 1999 wil be one of the most inportend years
may be of so much death and distruction.
But also a change of growth of inner growth.
For is it not so my love that when the night comes we turn on the light.
Why not do this in our selves. So we can see where we are going.
For right now so many are so blind.
The blind are leading the blind.

Now that Maria and Jessica are gone and Herman has found his way to a room belonging to the Rotonde he still selling the homeless times on the streets there is some sight for me of getting a house very soon.
And if all is well in three days I should be putting in my first application.
And once I have done that I could be given a house any time.
And with a voluntary job for the homeless and writing my book songs and poetry, further promotion of my CD and other recordings my life will be filled with being Luka.
Singer of light wishing also for life performance in total silence of meditation, step by step, climbing the ladder of living life.
Seeing mushrooms along the way falling leaves and trees standing up right.
Some smelling so fresh of falling rain.
Some times when I walk in the forest I don't walk alone but have along side of me a little boy called Sven he is 6 years of age and also living in the Rotonde with his mother and sisters waiting for a house.
His mother being pregnant again and in her 6 month.
We all are on the way. On the way.
I walk with Sven and he walks with me.
Whispering in the dark between the trees
Luka did you see the fairy princess ?
Yes I said I saw her.

The last few weeks here at the Rotonde I have been ask Luka when will your book have an ending ? and than it is silent for a few seconds and I look in side me, and than I answer, the moment I hold and turn the key of my new house or apartment this journey of mine will have ended.
This part of my writings will have ended and a new road will begin planting roots planting seeds in a way I am doing now.
There will be radio interview may be T.V.
And the wish of a documentery or film to go with my CD's.
All for the promotion of my dream a village called love a village of creation.
Together with people growing in light.
Oh yes there will be laughter and dancing planting of roots finely in the ground being ordinary.
Non possisive caring for me caring for the others creating a warm heart.
And wishing to grow old very old, with the power of creation.
In the power of loving light.
Yes the moment the key turns in the lock this journey ha ended it all had to be, and there is much to be said very much about it very much.
So far there has been not one person who saw a river flowing throu me.
Taking me to this and only this.To a place I could not say no.
I let it flow it is my responsibility.
I am here now being confronted with very much a world I had forgotten.
Taking me back to the years in Australia when my star had fallen in to darkness.
Now it is happening again this time being full aware with the inner strength of a lion standing amongst the down and out looking around me no betteror wors that the other my inner star shining so brightly with tears in my eyes.
Singer of light that's right.

Some how some where we have to stop at where we are.
And this is my stop like being hit on the head very serverly.
Now standing clean and naked stript in awareness of seeing of being.
Some looking at me throu material eyes and saying what a poor basterd.
Other having a little glimse of the purity the rest the silence.
Wishing for the same.
Seeing that my songs my words are the reflection of me.
And my soul dipped in heavenly wine.
My heart with nature.
And the rain a plezier in my face.
In nothing Luka has it all finding the river in me my way.
The mountains the snow flakes melting in my hand.
No more rols to identify with.
Being the river we are.
Oh last journey you have been good so very good to me .
Once more I went throu death to breath in light.
Also you have been so cruel the act of will no longer there.
But thy will be done.
I sleep so well and a wake in a flame.
And slowly my eyes are seeing clear the moment and the path ahead.
Sometimes looking at the stars hearing them sing heavenly songs.
And putting them down on paper.
Light is light
Night is night
In us all lives hate lives love hate can not kill love but love can kill hate.
Darkness can not kill light.
But light our light can kill all darkness.

A deep flowing pain is now coming to the surface ready to sprout.
Never would I have thought or see that it would be my deep compassion.
I listen to stories, I see young people high on stuff others taking heroine for 10 years.

Women beaten up by drunken husbands like Maria or Ping Ping with her crying son being so lost coming from China no one knows her story but it is not difficult to image.

There are many voluntary workers here also students studying to be a social worker. Surviving on a minimum wage and getting abused by so many people living in the house. Most of them do and don't want any help. Or being taught what to do making them like children again with all their rules. Also all the workers have to clean wash do the dishes make coffee set the support the once who live here.

Many of them are young christian people, others following their love light. A system of around 40 people sometimes very tired very weary. And so many with a heart and a compassionate heart.

Driving back home on a old bicycle they barely could pay for.

Yet they come day after day and we all work together cooking meals doing the dishes and we all feel so rich so very fulfilled inside doing this.

And sometimes my thoughts move to some friends who are psychotherapists with all their material things.

A heavy load they carry being filled so often with emptiness.

And they help themselves to help others.

And not as it should be.

From a beautiful young lady with twinkling bright eyes with a wonderful name of Ester I got a little text she was wearing on her t-shirt. It said between dream and deed are rules in the way practice obstacles. And also a feeling of disappointment which no one can explain. And comes at night when one goes to sleep. It is a beautiful text by Wald Witman and it suits my situation. Thank you Ester for wearing that shirt. Thank you for bringing awareness to my eyes to my heart. Accepting once dream is one thing awakening in once dream is another. And deeply I feel Luka awakes slowly awakes in his own dream getting so much support from loving staff members. Not calling me crazy. But supporting me reaching out a helping hand in a moment when I have been hit so much on the head. Looking back at my foolish deeds. Oh Luka I want to say to my self how unbelievable foolish and unaware you have been so often to good to be true giving power in the hands of people without love light in their hearts. My pen stops writing just thinking about it. Deep is the flow of pain with so many tears. I am and was on the road to nothing to be filled again with crystal light. Shining so bright.

Beloved

23-12-1998

And slowly very slowly the why is answering one has to be ready to carry
such a dream.
To open such a dream and see how it can be filled.
The practicality taking steps at the time.
Catching the blows the great disappointments digest so much stand still be
redicult be ordinary find finds on my way to share such a dream.
My clear my wish not to be a leader and yet one is.
Such a dream has the strength to fail again and again.
It is bound to happened. But also it has the strength to rise again and again
for it is filled with light with love with hearts being one.
Going in one direction.
Oh people at the Rotonde thank you for letting me in your heart and
learning you are here so I can watch seeing your loving strength.
Your growing way also falling and rising.
Carrying the same wish.
A world of light and growing towards it.
Luka meets you from all corners all directions you come here to share.
To give your hearts taking the blows of rejection finding once more your
ever lasting love.
Rising to love so one day a ocean of love light will flame in to the world in a
village called love a village of creation in the wind of the Greek oceans.

This this this and only this.
Being on the road to nowhere
Feet touching ground listening to that forrest sound
Seeing trees bring darkness
Swen and me walk this path
There are anger voxes here I hear swen say
Yes I wisper mabe there are and on my lips is a smile
And we both speak softly
Walking on both our hearts beating strongly
Soundly there is a sound of a bird not singing but screaming
Look at those musrooms swen my lips wisper yes he answered
Almost not to hear and we both walk on towards the light at the end of the
path two hearts beating on e young one old trusting me on a path of
darkness walking both to light breating the breath of fear coming free.
At the end of a new beginning
Swen my little friend I love you
For walking hand in hand.

Beloved

23-12-1998 Rotonde

A inner explosion of energy turning to anger sadness happiness and songs.
Why this day with tears and anger on my way to seek a voluntary job.
Maybe working with the homeless maybe working with people in stress.
Practical steps to fulfill my dream.
Getting balanced two feet on the ground and yet I am Luka the singer I am
and I am not it should not matter what I do the garden the dishes the floor
the toilet the ego being hit reduced to nothing.
Surrendering to a situation sometimes so loving sometimes so unbearable
Is this not the commune I never wanted to live in and yet I do now often so
much joy with the staff and the people living here.
Other times I look through the window in to the stars I want to fly and be once
more with them just looking down below I have come down I know to a
market place crazy as it is.
Crazy as sometimes I am listening suddenly to a old bible basher with there
christmas present me excusing myself to go to the toilet wanting to stay
there avoiding there speech but too long I stayed away from world things so I
had my pie took a deep breath and listened to the bible by a man who did
not know.

Excactly nine years ago I walked the streets in India in Poona
Not knowing then that in a few few weeks my feet would follow me behind
my master Osho's body having gone in to samadhi on the 19 januarie 1990
how was this diciple to know that I would be there dancing and singing in
the night while his body was being burned to ashes.
While at the same place at the burning ghat a few weeks before I made a life
recording under a tree with children from India clapping there there hands
to songs I had written there for Osho.
How was Alok Gayaka for that is the name I had been given by Osho to see
him for the last time dancing in his flames being filled with his light turning
in to a torch I hold with loving care for Jesus Buddha and ofcourse Osho
for which I hold so much love for all who are light and given birth to it.
Dance the song of joy I still hear Osho say until your feet no longer toch the
ground and you have become the dance the song of joy.
The loving flame and so many have listened read Osho's books on Jesus
and others yes just about any one.
Of which he spoke with loving grace.
Of which I want to sing in loving grace.
While I am doing the dishes at a home for the homeless.

Two more days and it is crismas.
One more week and the year 1999 has began a new year for every one
Today a other practicle step has to be taken
Getting a house of my own with all the luck and blessings of and in this world.
Luka should turn the key in the month of januari and slowly widen my project
Village of love why why me I so often ask.
I am just Luka with such a past with such a history.
Often I feel this dram is such a burden filled with love learning love has its own
weight to carry.
Dealing with people of all believe all religions every one screaming come this
way this is the way, and am I not doing the same.
Taking the path the road to a village called love ?
And yet I do the same and I do want people to come one day.
But in that light that love to find there way going there way having wishfully
tasted there love light shining so bright.
Turning this world in to a song a dance a joy a rebirth for all.
In to the world of innocents with clear bright eyes tasting the salt of being of
being light a love light oh so bright.
Village of light village of love shine oh shine so bright.

23-12-1998

**Luka can you speak to us in these day just before xmas
How you see your dream, village called love ?**

**Let me make it very clear first of all I see no leader nor some guru or what ever.
A friend yes I can be a friend non attached but once more let me make it clear
also there must be no differentce in the love of friendship no high no low no
more less.**

**Oh lover in the world it is so difficult to give words to my dream in what I see
for my words are my projection giving form and always there must be room for
you and than often the conflickt starts.**

**Unless we meet and come to one dream I can only wish to share this so that it
is your dream too , than we can meet.**

**But we need the eyes of the innocents to look to be aware seeing growth
seeing light seeing what believe is our condition our social structure.**

**Oh lover friend I will speak my dream if you speak yoursmeeting on the path of
love light the light in and around us finding our way to our selves there fore to
others.**

Beloved

24-12-1998

It is one day before xmas the weather in The Netherlands is not what I like it to be. Rain has taken place for snow.

Now many people have arrived here at the Rontonde and last night was a cosy night in the living room.

Once more a young women with a six month old baby has arrived here plus a other homeless person also selling the homeless times like Herman he is so different in so many ways.

Today lam going to what is called the walkinn for the homeless people to see if I can work there for a few days a week also I will fil in a application for a house here in Amersfoort and until than I write sing look and listen till the moment comes I turn the key of a house somewhere and my journey is over.

Beloved

25-12-1998

Wel finely xmas day is here.

What kind of man am I getting up at five in the morning setting coffie in the kitchen of the Rotonde and than is talking to his penn to let it write what needs to be written.

Oh how full of joy I am so often here with many of the people living like me here for a while.

How happiness drinks my heart being in contact with so many youg staff members studing to be social workers what a golden hearts what a mysterys.

They them selfs surving on so little money what a love most of them have learning to see people learning to be with people and what a laughter alst night with sjon when we both pulled the two coats of the lawn in front of the house.

Putting them with the chickens and the big fat pig.

In the stable giving them water and something to eat my heart burst in to flames.

And than seeing Jesica tis morning a 16 year old girl often high on pot no father no mother to care for her a giant rebel of a young lady fighting and struggling with the goodness opening her heart by holding a baby belonging to a young women of her age.

Yes this penn keeps on flowing on paper opening my heart and mabe yours we need so much love light not only here but every where.

Beloved

25-12-1998

Why oh why was I not ready for all of this 20 years ago when I my self started studing on the social academy and wanted to work than with the homeless. And be with them so close as I am now in crises being so ordinary. Seeing the founder of this all the director in his old car doing the shopping or moving people to a new home oh how I wantred to change places with him sometimes turning back the clock not being the artist the star of the show I had been for so long I feel I realy have come home now my self working mabe soon for the walkinn beginning nexst year as a staff member it was yesterday that I had a interview and the nexst one is in the first week of januarie my heart tells me it will be oke but ill see.

Yes today is xmas I am so happy to be here my heart light is burning the tree is alight my yes see clearly and at nine a clock my wonderful son Danielk in germany will telephone wishing us all a merry crismas they are going on holyday once more me I am staying here as much in the light it is crismas you know.

Beloved

26-12-1998

Today is second day of crismas and looking back at yesterday together with all the people here at the Rotonde we cooked danced and laughed together in the living room by a open fire Wiwin Ester and me made music sang our song on guitar and it Wiwin who started to play the violin a song she had written looking at her playing in front of the window between the plants and the crismas tree in the back ground the large garden with trees she looked oh so wonderful oh so beautiful sounding her music so sweet and full with loving With a tast of sadness to my ears raching my heart thru sadness can have such a beauty.

Innocent tears are so pure so absolute oh how I love d this youg women so youg so still ful of learning and yet already so ful of wisdom and goodness. On the path of a living creation walking forward to you to herself keeping balance with joy and tears being so uniek it refects my being and what can I say that the eyes of Ester says what is there to speak or sing of light. Sharing today bringing tomorrow to others walking in darkness. I can not thank all the people it is to little.

Beloved

27-12-1998

It is this Sunday morning it is this day so close to the year 1999 that my thoughts go to my dream my wonderful dream.
And I look beyond my horizon I see some of the the wonderful staf members that I met here like Sjon like Nick like Ester Wiwin Heidi and so many others being part of it all holding light in there eyes.
And here is me Luka sometimes crying tears of gratefulness growing so much older mabe so much wiser. Oh god of live love and joy carry me to that day let me no longer walk alone. There are practice things and deeds to be done. Structures to be build it is such a long dream to awake.
Yet I can fill a space in the worldn a light shining like a star in dark days for all to come for all to be finding there path to walk on and on.
For others to follow one bright star in the world with so much love with so much creation filling so many dark spaces with light with songs with creation. Village of love, village of light come closer to me in my heart in my dream give me strength to awake taking steps of growth to let the seed sprout in to a flower star we all are, light fill my heart make these 54 year old legs walk the right path with not so many ditches to tumble a wonderful rose with not so many thorns.

Beloved

27-12-1998

Being surrounded by a new generation of young christian people of which some are holding a flaming torch with light in the eyes when one looks very deeply no one can deny that they are on the road of loving of being love. Me Luka listens to the words I once was allowed to write down and spreads around the world on a cd.

The thing within a raving spirit it is called valley putting light and light together Jesus Buddha and Osho and all that have brought light in to the world. Also I see young cristian people stil so much in there minds in there believe for gotten there heart light not seeing or knowing it.

The longer Luka breathes on the earth the more I see around us ways of windows to look throu finding our inner road of wisdom filled with love light turning in to compassion towards the other our fellow human being.

Light is light loving is loving and we hold that flame in our hearts this wonderful bright loving light not forgetting to except darkness making sure one walks the right path with a heart ful of loving a soul ful of being in growth in creation in loving kindness sounding the song of love of life living it.

Oh I am so blessed no longer can I say what I feel.

Drinking life people so many people my eyes seek to be closed sometimes of only seeing me the silence of creation.
So many project and want o keep me company thinking I am so alone I am alone but not lonesome. Alone is al-one my heart seek the stars the top of the trees the moon shining brightly yes Luka loves walking in the rain in the Netherlands in the forrest I feel home oh so much at home after my last journey. A great gambler having lost it all to gain so much the heart pouring out love and compassion often the mind at zero.
Seeds surrounding the flower christmas is over it was a good one.
Being together withn homeless people being together with some of the most beautiful people who work here some filled with so much love in there hearts. Others so much in there minds.
Projecting often so dangerous if one does not know one self.
Yes crhismas is over it light shines on in to the year 1999 a explosive year where distruction and inner growth cqan go together let the light win it always wins and let it shine in so many hearts of all people also in the heart of me.

Beloved

29-12-1999

In the rain on a old bicycle I was ask to go down town to buy some chicken fillee and grilled sausage. And going back to the Rotonde up the hill was hanging on my bike 3 kilos of meat. Such a little action meant so much to me. Buying food for the people in the Rotonde with no home.

One starts to realize that every day people need to eat and that there has to be money for this. Seeing us eat it last night after it has been wonderfully cooked I looked at every ones plate and saw the chicken go down once hanging on my bike. How different I felt at the dining table with 12 people eating it. Than just getting food served for you. One starts to realize so much the very practice things of life.

And far away I looked at my dream a village called love its needs its structure and I could not help and see that as a artist I have over looked so many things. How I said to my self could I have thought of such a plan with out planning with out deeds of being practice.

Giving so many things out of my hands in to some one so unloving so unkind, Losing total control to awake my dream.

And the steps to walk towards it.

Oh I am hit so hard on my head this year.

Who did this I deeply ask ?

Whas it me ?

And I have no answer.

The time is moving closer towards the year 1999.
Tomorrow I may know if I have a house once more in the Netherlands from
which I can work once more on my dream, planning promotions of a wonderful
dream , sharing my songs, my words, giving interviews. No longer wil I than be
in my alone.
Also mabe working in a other place for the homeless.
It was last night that once more reality was staring in my face.
A women a few month prignet with as she said with twins serverly beaten up
her face eyes and hands of a man filled with aggression on the first day of
chrismas is now sleeping a few doors a way from me.
A other women with child was also brought in by the police.
And so life goes on and on thank God for place like these, food a roof above
there heads and a bed to sleep in. Now in the hands of a loving heart in the
bousum of people that care.
Studying with out pay how to reach a helping hand.
What if a place like the Rotonde was not here ?
Where to go what to do?
So many have fled from there home away from aggression.
With no cloth no money no place to stay.
Seeking the path of peace And understanding.
A picture most of us don't see or want to know about but it is there it is here.
And sometimes my eyes hurt seeing it all the world down under.
Welcome I say to them on arrivel welcome

29-12-1999

Beloved Luka can you tells us what makes you what you are now?

If my love I tell you it will only be words if my love I sing it to you it is a song touching your heart wings so that you can fly,fly to you.

If my love my heart has a strong beat your feet can dance and the dancer wil than have disappeared.

Oh lover in the world how can I sing to you that love is light and in this light we see we see.

Is living not a tunnel walking towards light.

The same as death brings us a rebirth ?

Yes my friend like spring brings the summer months and the river runs to the ocean being the waves hitting the shore.

We to are here to transform hate in to loving, lovive in to compassion.

Compassion in to light.

Being the home the home of which so many have wonderd away.

Of which also I once have wonderd away.

If I have to say what makes me what I am now I can not realy give you a answer.

I am blessed with loving light than who makes what?

I am so gratefull but than to whom?

No lover I am gratefull to the unspeakable a greatness of not knowing.

The wonder of living creation call it God call it love.

Beloved

30-12-1998

Today is the day that I will see if I have a house now and tomorrow is the day that I will pick up a old computer as a gift so that I can start typing this whole manuscript and the so many songs which are waiting.
So far I have written so much by hand alone with so many spelling mistakes it is the way I like to write with out to many thoughts filling the pages. It only after I have written that I like to correct some mistakes.
Like a painter holding his brush on canvas.
And than taking a step back to look and see what he has done.

Things start to change so much for the better walking yesterday in the city drinking hot chocalade slowly my heart is bursting more open in changing love. Long have been the days the month the years it looks as if also this wind is turning.
Mabe the time has come to start sharing a other part of my energie aother part of my heart. More in my being.
A few day ago I brought back to the Roronde a very cheap old CD player.
So once more I could listen to music ioncluding my own CD's my own songs.
I realy have travvelt the road to nothing.
The way now is to come back down to earth rebuild restruture.
Create what stil is alife in my heart sharing it being a friend filling my heart again.
The circle going around and around.
Becoming bigger and bigger.
So it can touch moon sun and sky.
Without losing ground.
The circle of creation the spirrel of us.

Today today you are bringing today and you are filled with roses, you are filled with thorns.

You are filled with all we choose it to be.

Loving or hate disappointment, today brings today to moment in which we can turn around to bring good to our self to being loving to the other.

So often I had to listen to words, but Luka you have nothing, and yet I have so much a heart overflowing so full that forget or don't feel the need for anything else.

My heart being filled with the invisible unseen by the one who is still sleeping.

Yes I do feel that my heart holds a diamond and it sparkles in light.

Why I do not know, one can not know.

I know so little when I look at the stars, when looking at life.

We all hold the universes in our hearts, but we do not know it.

We can not know it.

We can become it than maybe we know something not to know.

The light of Jesus the light of Buddha then we radiate.

So often I have written that life is going through a tunnel and at the end is a bright shining light when walking the right path but in so many ways I also do not know for it is projection symbols.

I can not speak of nothing I try I sing about it but I can not.

I don't even know that I am right I don't even know that I am wrong.

Oh I can really say to you that I have such a love for Jesus Buddha Osho and others who do not know, I met in death.

In dying giving me tears of gratefulness going to the feet learning there river flow.

If my love I tell you that I have given myself the greatest gift to be given.
So many say where is your house and where is your car ?
And to only some I would answer it is in me.
And others would ask where is your bank account ?
Then I would turn my pockets inside out and smile this is all I have.
But it is not to often that some one would say Luka what do you really have ?
If some ask I would answer oh I am so full so rich than some would laugh at me
and say but you have nothing and others on the path would see with open
hearts the fullness of my eyes.
The drop of tears some times of sadness other times of compassion.
It is so very clear to me people who live in there minds and people living and
breathing from there hearts asking this question.
Oh I do take gifts in this world to touch mine for we do not see what growth we
need and what is needed so often in this growth.
We have no respect for beggars vagrants.
Homeless people looking for there inner home.
And with out regonision how can they see them selfs ?
Seercing for there inner freedom, homeless.
Being given a change of coming home to thee inner being.
Being in flyed to land in there soul.

This is than the last day of the year 1998 it is needless to write that tomorrow is the first day of 1999.

I was not given a house yesterday there were some other people before me.

Which means my stay will be prolonged with a few weeks may be a few month.

A wonderful thing happened on my path that today I have been given as a gift a old computer good enough to typ a manuscript and other things like my songs and poetry.

And the house will come slowly, it does make me a little sad not being able to turn my own key in my own lock.

On the other hand the Rotonde is given me more than some times I can swallow.

And the last few days I have a lot of tension in my neck.

So many new people have arrived, some beaten up others who have run away young people with out a home.

Others just out of prison but all of them with a very long case history.

Fighting against any rule layed upon them, so used to being in homes like this.

Some still not seeing that they work against them selfs.

And may never see it. Until they awake open there eyes to there own inner being.

And the Rotonde is not a theraputic setting in the sens of going very deep but more directed towards practicle things like a home work money.

I often wonder how they will survive without touching there roots of transformation.

With out solid ground in there soul today carries tomorrow and tomorrow is the first of januarie 1999 what will that bring ? I ask my self this year has brought me more than sometimes I could bear a large hammer on my head pushing me over the edge of no return from the top of the mountain coming down to the valley going even deeper in the nowhere awakening me from my dream my last dream.

I just have spoken with a young lady of 19 springtimes and her little son of six month old. Two flowers on this earth seeking there way, Diane so quiet so silent having know the thorns of life and still do, I see her feeding the baby with a smile with loving care it is all that she has at the moment.
I see that she gave her self a wonderful little friend.
And so often I have to think about my own little son in Germany Daniel.
Only material are they not well of.
It was twice that I held her baby feeding him and it felt so wonderful so very good he even burped for me twice sometimes making sounds of joy.
So natural so innocent what a joy to have them both here.
How sad that they both had to escape there home twice being in danger.
Now they both are here also waiting for a house a road to settle.
In my neck I feel tension some times my eyes hurt in what I see of unfallen tears and than I hold the baby again close to my heart deep in to my soul and I sing for him whispering words in his tiny ears so soft so delicate.
It is oke my boy I am your friend Luka loves you both and know it is oke.
A other day is being filled with love with tears with life going on in growth wishing for a flower in a brighter sunlight blended with moon power filled with stars twinkling in there night in my night.

Beloved

2-1-1999

**And all the days of st nicolaas crismas new year are over.
Practicalty waits at my door step.
Th roots of foundation the tree toughing ground deep in the earth.
And its flowers shower lifes words still dancing upon the river flowing to the ocean,
Yes the year is 1999 now step by step we can all walk in to our growth.
And it is my growth that I see with songs with songs poetry a wonderful film a documentary ma be of my life ma be of my dream.
And filled with so much loving with so much care opening the hearts of so many people.
Being the mirrow purified cristalising on the path of this and only this.
A story in being in being your self the face you are, asking people to come together down to earth one brick at the time with loving hands for the growth of our friends healing there past wounds in silence of meditation and creation.
Creating a wonderful light for some who stil walk in darkness.
I called this village, village of love but often I hear village of light.
Ma be it should be love light.
This on this day is the wish I speak to you, don't let me walk alone.
Walk with me side by side as your friend no one being better no one being stronger but one loving healing energie in light in growth in our village of love light.**

Beloved

4-1-1999

It is the fourth day of januari 1999 tree nines and a one.

If one is to add these up then you wil come to the number 28 if you ad them up again you wil get the number 10 a one and a zero the beginning of the end.

Now I do not know if this is so the end of a new beginning they are only numbers but many people do believe the end has come and what I see is that a new beginning can be made.

All I can say is that right now I am in the beginning of januarie in the Netehrlands in the middle of winter and the tempoters are 13 degrees below zero Holland is a very dark country now like most of last year.

Two weeks of sunshine is not much and one wonders what is up man ?

And all I can say is please turn on your own love light.

Yes I do mean your heart light.

All fear can melt and than tyou can see what you need to see.

Not tomorrow but now.

I don't know about tomorrow we don't know about tomorrow we know about this and can change if we shoose to do so.

Turn your dark days in to light, it wil know light turn light in to love compassion than you are love.

The world turns in you and you in to the world.

It is the circle of creation.

Beloved

4-1-1999

And luka writes and writes between walks in the forest alone or with little Swen, or nick and Martin two voluntary students learning from social workers.

With their hearts in the right place, one a loving Christian the other with the teachings of Rudolf Steiner beautiful people also looking at themselves before they share their hearts to others willing to grow in love love light.

A flower in in the blazing sun.

Touching all corners of themselves.

And here I am 54 years of age not knowing but also growing, and they want to know. It is like they understand why I am here.

Some times even more so than I do. Often we talk in depth heart to heart.

They are wondering.

Some times I hear in me Osho say be in the market place but not of it there is so much you can do.

Bring meditation to those who need it.

And here luka is bringing something bringing me the way I am as I am.

We all learn a river needs both sides to flow and here the river is flowing.

With each other in non doing.

It is a happening with so many it is a happening with me.

There is not so much to write times as it seems are standing still.
Many people like Diane withn her little baby and others have leftn the rotonde.
Not knowing why they left or have gone to.
And others have formed a group going out side to smoke pot and coming back stoned.
I find it very difficult to communicate with people that are stoned.
While so often I am drunk with my self.
They blow and blow and blow having found someone here who can porovid them with drugs also selling the homeless times on the streets.
Some of the pot smokers come from other homes.
Again others have just come out of prison.
Here is no therapy they work with practical things hoping wishing and praying that once more these people will fit in to society but most of them can not and wil not.
Even serverly beaten up women return once more to there husbands.
There faces stil blue and black and red from being beaten up.
Why oh why ?
And here am I also being beaten for luka had a dream by Mike the bull .
Just like some of these people also they wanted love a house babies .
I wanted a village ofcourse it is not a little dream some call me crazy.
Some beat me but never can they kill the flame.
I wish for others the same don't let your flame you light go out.

Beloved

5-1-1999

Yesterday oh yesterday

You play throu my head with a bad ending.

Having to have I write having to have becouse one must when one is here a appointment with a social worker outside of the Rotonde.

Not for practical things but for phyco social work.

What a women.... What a women..... so old and so long in her work her social work and still not knowing how to be a proper social worker.

Let alone that she treid to be a therapeutic worker.

Time after time she gets stuck in her roll proving to be right no matter what I say projecting her self on me with things she seems to see and me not seeing any moment any second that she is right.

And I just had to tell her how wrong she was and after three sessions with her I became so anger and told her to go back to school. After that I got the usel stuff that I was running away and ofcourse I runn away from some one who is only creating a victum and not only with me I take it she is doing this with every one making people smaller than they are.

Luka that's me played the ball back I have seen to many of these so called social workers leaving the good ones out of this.

Beloved

5-1-1999

Holland Holland who are you ?
Who are you for me ?

Always it seems you give me a learning than to leave you always it seems you pull me down and this time I refuse.

Growing weary growing older I still hear you say don't be toller than the grass and you start chopping only if I don't let my self be.

If I let let my self be cut.

The moment I show my strength to you you always seem to be ready not but by all but by many to cut one down to size.

Oh yes I runn from you in these moments to sing my song in a other place some other race. And was it not of meeting so many wonderful people this time my road would once again lead to the mountains the oceans the rivers and to people who can dance and listen.

And see my heart.

I am very gratefull to those here who do share with me what is overflowing.

And this time I want to stay out of the hands of the once that don't.

One is often not seen in his own country.

Jan foudraine a wel know Dutch man and writer in the field of phycologie with who I was with for some time also has his story a rebel like me.

When one holds a diamond it needs to reflect but so many are covering it up with there shadow.

Beloved

5-1-1999

And there are so many good young people here still studying born with a natruell talent with a heart in the right place.

Here it is so and one of the rules when you don't have a outside social worker you can not stay here.

So my room at the Rotonde is at stake.

It has been suggested that I have a other talk with the social worker and the directie but until now I have refused to do so.

Seeing that this wil be no good and never wil.

So now the question arises do I have to leave ?

And if so where to go ?

It may not happened but stil the threat is there.

And all becouse one stands up in strength in his rights.

All this feels to me as if one dokter treats the other dokter and tell him he man you are cutting of the wrong leg this one is hurting me and the other is not listening and keeps cutting.

And the dokter becomes very anger and no wonder.

Always I am open for insight in to living.

This morning I have a appointment with the direction of the walkinn as a voluntary worker for the homeless I wonder am I ready for this.

I wonder will I get this job working once more with people I love out and down.

Looking in my heart I see anger and tears asking ones more my self why do I se so much ?

Now I see strength giving birth for a long time not know to me.

Go on strength.

I never want to miss you again.

Beloved

6-1-1999

As if this house has made has made a big turning around, filled with a few people so full of anger including me.

Saying what I need to say seeing social workers and once studeing to become holding on to rules and regulations.

Absolutely going against someone helping .

But bring out the beast in men and women

Others running running around outside blowing there doop. Getting high on what ? a energie to which I say is this the way is one not better of with out this place but you are free to go I hear them say you are so free but all of them with out a home and that in the middle of the winter with 10 below zero.

And in the Netherlands it is impossible for many to get a house for years.

They hold the cards and try to win with rules set out with out flexibility.

The workers do this for a there studies a place often so difficult to get.

Some times I see them with there back against the wal I see me with my back against the wal who is harming who with a mixer of love and much anger I look at it all my body given signals of resentment.

Once more I see who others take control using there power to hold there positions and we have given it out of our hands.

Yes says my heart we have I have.

But you don't have to be here I hear the staff say you don't have to be here.

And I wonder is it still cold outside ?

With the rotonde having turned in to a hell the last week my pen lay to rest
needing time to digest what my eyes are seeing what my ears are hearing.

Never have I felt the energie so bad so hopeless.

Old drug dealers people from the streets handing what I think are soft drugs.

Using there influence on the youg onces and the staff nor knowing not seeing.

Besides a lot of aggression refusing to clean the kitchen and other parts of the
house there is never a feeling of what can I get put in to the place but more
what can I get out of it.

Grouping together going uot and coming back stoned.

Than they come back sit in the living room talking all kinds of nonses.

It is a sickening site seeing there behavior let alone when they wake up in the
morning or is it in the afternoon.

How difficult it is for me now to seeing this happen seeing distroing them selfs.

Some wanting better other so used to places like this they know not of better
lifes better ways.

I seem to have no compassion for some and rather see them leave.

In my position it is difecult seeing what I see.

God why am I here where is the sun.

Beloved

8-1-1999

It is on this Friday ending the first week in the year 1999 that the temperature are around 10 degrees below zero.

In silence I hear the birds sing little flowers still show their face.

It seems to be also spring time in the middle of winter.

For tomorrow they predicted snow.

Also in my heart is starting to show some spring time.

Yesterday putting on my working shoes cleaning the path around the rotonde giving me a warm and happy feeling.

Today besides doing the kitchen as usual there is a big fixing the stairs to the attic where more people are living under special guidance.

Sometimes being in the garden I look around me seeing the large villa the building around the house the animals running around and then I am happy with a sadness all looks almost like a village my village of love.

Only it is not.

Here people have never heard of meditation or creation often hopeless on the way to something even they don't know where.

Maybe the stepping stones to light to love still filled with so much anger with so much hurt.

Blowing for peace for rest getting a glimpse of what can be.

Sometimes I am stoned to without being stoned and fly without flying cleaning the pathways of the Rotonde the pathways of me.

Beloved

12-1-1999

And here I still am daily watching youg people blow blow blow and blow.
Young adults seeking inner happiness .
There inner child so hurt and nothing realy happends to inprove there situation.
It was yesterday that I saw one of the social workers hanging up a poster
saying with big letters don't blow be happy. I had to laugh so much for that's
exactly how I feel about it just be happy but how ?
With out therapeutic treatment of wich no one wants to know.
Also the staff refuses to do anything. Just practical WAYS.
Young people not having heard of any other way not thrusting any other way.
And here I am between them knowing the way to healing and yet I am with out
authority with out power.
A very special moment was last Sunday with one of the staff members.
Called Ester a wonderfull day where throu music we could reach some people
and touch them in there hearts.
And one young lady having just got out of prison for drugs burst out in to a
song in providing her tekst and ester played the guitar.
Her words went strait down to the heart touching also my soul.
And for a moment a star was born.
Wishing for her that it would always stay this way.
Don't blow I want to say just be happy.
And for one moment she was.
Not blowing but growing.

It is a few days that my penn lay to rest and my voice sounds so little.
Working on my self sitting silently staying close to my heart.
Also sitting behind the computer working on this book.
I look trou my window of the Rotonde a very strong wind is blowing throu the
trees rain has been falling and the last few days there was also snow.
A very hectic week lays behind us all many people have left.
Now I am the oldest one here still waiting for a home.
Of wich yet there is no sight .
Many new people have come and are also going again.
And life is here a coming and going.
And still blowing it is a drug adic paradise.
A lot of very young people with a history of drugs jail theft and dealing.
Given if they take it a change to start al over again.
Besides me holding on to my dream walking towards sunshine my home is
within me I watch and cry my heart light turned on.
While so much anger and hate fils the air.

I look beyond my horizon at the rivers that are running through me and far away I can see a house and the moment I turn the key this journey will have ended. For another to begin this journey which has been so strong in its force teaching me to be me at home wherever I am and keep dancing and singing wherever I am.

Meeting depth of life in me and certainly of other young people sometimes 15 or 16 years of age pregnant with the wrong kind of stuff.

Filled with hate towards society hating so much themselves never being truly loved people so far away from their inner light and no wonder having been brought up so loveless and without respect.

Oh sometimes hopeless world and I say hopeless there is so much need so much wanting to break the circle for many becoming a spirell.

Also my circle broke last year growing wider turning in to a spirell growing wider and wider touching skys touching depth the roots of being growing trees with flowers the seeds of life awakening in all of us.

Trowing light on you letting it shine in me.

Oh strong wind keep blowing across the earth touching hearts and souls.

Life is only a growth.

Grow in the right direction.

Beloved

18-9-1999

After a Sunday explosion of creation working on my computer writing 5 new songs I breath in the early hours of Sunday morning there seems to be no saturday or Sunday for me.

Creation knows of no time it is a moment to moment happening with no pay and no pension no retirement it is a life time work.

Most people start to be creative when they have grown old other start to travel. Looking back I have left all of these things behind me.

And this penn flows and keeps on flowing and it is my wish that I keep doing this until my lat breath as a very old man by the sea walking on the shore on the island of Santorini sharing what I share now.

Giving what I give now.

And taking from the world her finall gifts.

Oh I don't want much nature has it all and when I am older I would love to turn my head around near the ocean looking at the mountains seeing and knowing.

That there lies a village a village called love.

Where people grow to there full potential and than me a old men will walk along the shore a stick surporting my legs the wind blowing away the tears in my eyes of being gratefull looking up in to the sky speechless wwith no thoughts.

Walking on always walking on my mind at ease going nowhere my heart full of love home I am.

Beloved

20-9-1999

It is excacly 9 years ago that my feet walked the earth in India Poona in the asram of Osho.

It was on the 19-1-1990 that my eyes watched the body being burned of my master Osho singing and dancing was I there how sweet the song sounded in the mystical Indian air near the river late at night.

The univers is singing a song the univers is dancing along the univers is dancing on a night like this.

Now 9 years later on this day after having received so much energie there All is critalising first in to nothing to feel the fullness of living death.

Beloved

22-1-1999

So many things in one day.
In one day so many things.
It ws yesterday that I ask becource no house is coming my way as yet.
If I would like to move in in to a flat with 3 or 4 other people.
The flat is part of the rotonde where some are living there becource they can
not cope alone and look after themselves.
And it is there that I must wait for a house to come my way.
How long this will take no one knows but not so long.

How strange it is to know that I am the rotonde with so much sadness in my
heart loving the people coming here to stay and going again.
But there is more in life than being homeless.
But I can not deny that many tears are flowing.
Steping in to a other world.
I have grown to love them so much.
And even now writing this tears apeare in my eyes.
I am so grateful to all the staff giving me much more than they will ever know.
Or mabe they do.
In leaving me be what I am yes a large familie who let me breath my own breath.
Sing my own song if if I didn't sing they would say Luka why don't you sing.
And once more my voice would sound in the Rotonde.
Going around and around.

All the birds are singing in the trees around the large villa Rotonde.
In silence of this saturday morning after a few coffee and sigarettes of wich I
still have needs and wants the house is quit all are stil a sleep.
Once more many new people have moved in.
Young ones old ones whole families.
All with there story all with there pain.
There inner rose a long way out of sight.
There thorns so visable onn the surfice.
One can almost touch there pain by looking them in to there eyes.
God why am I her to see all this.
Each one of them with thee own story there own book to write.
In so many ways I also feel blessed to be amangst them seeing what I see.
How frustrated I am also by being here and also so close to leaving.
Still seeing so many struggeling to get out of the vally of darkness.
No longer seeing light.
Some I love so much.
That it brings tears to my eyes by othes I think what the hell have we got here.
And I feel irritation. Until I get to know them.
One can not do anough in this part of the world.

Beloved

23-1-1999

The world of aces and pains and disalutions.
Of falling again and again.

Oh Luka has come down from his mountain top deep down in to the vally.
Finding so many hearts wwith out awareniss.
Wanting some to take there steps not only forward but up seeing in them self
the steps they are taking seeing there way on there path.
For me wishing and walking to light being in light and no longer strangers to
them selfs.

Often I look at the sky and say why me oh God why me ?
Being so grateful for this.
And so blessed for that home I have come in my heartlight.

Beloved

23-1-1999

The Rotonde seeing Alfred a wonderful crazy man and a bit like Luka.
I put my arm around him asking him how he was doing a other fellow human
being a multy creative man lost in his light. In the light of creation.
Gone in to light to far to alone.
With out some one calling him back to earth.
I see the laughter in his eyes the often dirty close he wears, the butts of
sigarette he picks up from the astry.
To much of the irritation of others and sometimes me to.
But I heard him speak of life and once he played a child piano and my heart
knew that he was and is a Genius paying a high price for what he is.
And than my dream awakes "Village of love" was and is it not for people like
him like me ? To have such a place where one can come home in creation in
meditation.
Finding a mirrow that smiles at them and says I know you.
And a ear that can listen did I not sing and write for people like him.
Strangers in the light.
And my heart says yes yes.
A thousand times yes.
Transformation is creation from darkness to light from light to darkness.

Beloved

24-1-1999

We had a musical party in the kitchen of the Rotonde.

With all the people that are living here and the students.
Hearts were gently broken open and Alfred and others sounded their guitars
and their voices.
There were so many songs new and old ones long forgotten melodies also I
gave my best and together with one of the staff playing the violin the energy
was round.
Being home with the homeless tears of being touched welled up in my eyes.
Seeing Alfred play the guitar and singing all night.
After many many years a few weeks ago he was walking the streets picking up
cigarette butts nearly freezing to death in the cold with all his creative thought
and inventions having lost all his rights and money a little too far in to
nothingness.
Seeing and listening to him play with tears running down my cheeks I
remembered David Helfgott.
The pianist from Australia of which they have now made a film of his life.
The film Shine I was together with him in Graylands hospital in Perth Western
Australia so long ago now.
And still I feel the shine upon me from David and now from my friends here at
the Rotonde one can say all is round.

And this is what happens here at the Rotonde love turns in to hate and hate in to love.

And last night I was the one being attackt by some calling me a old goat.

Plus a old basterd and so many other words and names.

Also my songs my words my guitar playing nothing was good any longer.

Being the oldest one here at the moment they turned there aggression on me.

Having said a few things about there behavior to many.

Young people in and out of yail centras in and out only seeing hate and distruction fighting with them self allowing the animal comer to the survive.

Some have been hurt to often beaten to much and now the blows are coming back it is a viscous circle of roundness and this is my confrontation and the way of transformation.

My body aces my heart is pounding away now there is a black sheep in the family and that sheep is a youg boy filled total rejection for far to long.

Now asking to be rejected again and again.

In many ways we all are like that but this is a exstream case. We reject before we are rejected.

Until we become aware of our doing.

That love that light fills us with us with us to share.

It is a other circle growing in to a spirell wider and wider no longer the visius circle of darkness.

Last night last night I cooked alone for 15 people the meat balls turning brown
and finding their way in to the stomach of the homeless the down and out.
The potatoes I cooked were so soft and looked more like mashed potatoes.
But we all had a good time eating.
After our dinner we had a little house concert including two wonderful staff
members and my friend Alfred also played guitar.
The black sheep of the family brought a lot of irritation being so full with
aggression he managed to spoil many loving moments.
But all by all it was a night filled with stars and gold maybe one of the last once
here as today I had a talk of moving in to a pension also part of the rotunde .
Sharing a flat with three other men until I get my own house.
And that good also be any day now but one does not know.

At present the rotunde is filled with people including two families who lost
their home.
And a few young people with all their aches and pains.
All with their losses.
And me I keep on singing and writing every day every morning.
Looking deep in to the deep blue sea of me.
Finding words giving them away.
Tomorrow I will be singing at a party for some social workers in the city.
And then steps are being taken to leave all these wonderful people behind.
Ofcourse I will be back to visit and cook one night there meals.
And make music once more finding many Alfreds .

For a few days now I did not write what I wanted to write.
So many things in a flood of energie like a waterfall coming down.
Splasing with loving kindness filling my heart with joy laughter and tears.
Sometimes anger and tears looking back in to yesterday looking forward and
than back in to the moment.
Love and sadness are filling the air around me soon I wil be leaving the
Rotonde In about a week from now with all of it wonderful people the hate the
love the misunderstanding the most wonderful of staff who gave me more than
thought could bear.
More than any heart can hold more than I can put down in to words or a song.
My lips can not wisper thank you it can not say this for it is simple not enough.
Two days ago I did a little concert for about 60 people all working in the field of
psygoligy and social work my guitar and me.
We All laughed danced and cryed to the songs and poetry I specialy had
written for this day. Yes one would say I whas there and they were there.
Oh my heart sings and keeps on singing a ever lasting flow a wonderful river
stream The Rotonde has turned in to a house of creation in to growing love and
we do it together. But I must leave and my heart knows the pain of saying
goodbay to something I love so dearly. My journey is nearly over.

What a week this has been filled with fruits of life in living bless of creation.
Seeing so many people turning there aggression to love creation.
Singing and learning the guitar young people with so much hate now turning
there lifes in to a song a othewr other melody.
And me ? I wil be leaving soon in less than a week now.
Starting Monday with John the house manager a wonderful guy to paint the
walls of a little room in the flat of the pension.
Where I wil wait for a house to come on my way.
Oh lovers in the world what a trip this has been what a journey what a flyed.
And it is not over as yet.haven given my self the golden glow of diamonds the
flow of the river bringing me home so close to me so close to others.
Today together with Alfred I wil go out to find a pair of shoes for him for free.
Down town where the homeless get together and where in a few weeks I may
start to work.
Lovers the stars shine brightly the moon is a glow and this book goes on for a
little while longer.
I am getting older and youger in my heart in one eye a tear for not being in
Greece any longer the other a smile a great big smile filled with twinkling stars
a inner light once awakened fully with Osho in India where he left his body.
I wish to stay earth bound a little longer just a little longer.

Ma be my love it is enough that I speak of my dream a village called love.
Ma be my love it is you who are the creation.
Putting my dream in to your hands giving it birth in you.
A seed to flower a flower to seed.
Oh god let me turn around to see our village ablaze in light. In loving light.
Filled with music and laughter dancing the dance of life with living souls
having drunk the wine of a heavenly song in meditation.
Oh I have stepped down from the ladder to tell you this ma be to show you
your way.
It was osho's last words who said I leave you my dream it is me who says lets
build putting our bricks together to make a place for us all.
Where alight can shine and darkness can no longer finds it place.
But birth is giving birth to the higher in and around us.
Oh village of love be born I cry so much with out you. Let my eyes see your
growth in the sun giving my brothers giving my sisters this light this growth.
The light of us all the light of every star shining oh so bright.

If my love we look and really look and change everything to deeds so much growth would take place so many deeds would be done.
Our earth on which we stand walk eat and sleep is a wonderful place and the air that we breathe is always of the other.
With sunlight and a moon a glow.
So many still think and see separation and it is not so my love life is one river flowing with much water in and around all part of being part like us.
As a little child not knowing we feel this oneness than comes our father and mother and our teachers saying there is a tree there is a bird here are flowers.
And separation develops in our minds and our eyes are being filled with boundaries countries where people live. But the wholeness of truth is in me and you in me lives you and in you lives me.
In every flower is alive a seed to flower and all we hurt is hurting our self.
And all we love loves us and all which dies gives birth in us.
Oneness my friend is oneness.
It can be no more it can be no less it is.
Like light shining in light.
Like seeing darkness in darkness they are not apart.
They don't even belong for belonging is also separation.

Beloved

31-1-1999

The time is 2 am Sunday morning.

Drinking coffee I wonder why I am awake so early.

Wishing it was 5 am than it would be justified. Two a clock is early to get up. the house is silent the weather outside is freesing I am spending my last few days here leaving people wonderful people behind or do I take them with me on my path of leaving suretenly in my heart.

Yesterday day I walked with Alfred down town getting him a pair of shoes at the walk in almost breaking his neck on his old shoes walking as I see it beside this genius I saw that he saw so much sometimes much to much.

But I felt wel walking besides him lending him a helping hand and at the walk inn where the homeless sit during the day playing games and having meals I felt the ease knowing that in a few month I may be working there.

Whas it the remembrance of America when I was in orogon and saw all the homeless people there ? and 5000 homeless people were pulled from the streets housed fed and being closed as wel.

And a old man with deep blue yes filled with tears looked at me and said who is this man ? I never felt so wel and it was than that by seeing him my eyes filled with tears also by seeing Osho dance in his eyes.

And the first month of januari has passed in winters heart. Believe it or not
flowers are given birth throu the earth thinking it is spring.
And when my eyes awake to morning light I hear bird sing there wonderful
song. Oh life is so wonderful .life as I see it is always in birth.
The joy of life the joy of laboure the rising from the fall the fall fro rising.
Finding balance in and around us, the circle mtransforming in to a spirell.
Growing wider in and out.
Oh lovers I write what I write not to teach you but to share my poor words on
paper so I may touch in you a string sounding your sound.
In many ways I can not give you any thing if your heart does not receive.
For it is to your own song wich you can listen.
The sound of aha.
Turning in to tears of laughter and joy compassion in living bliss.
Step by step I walk on now leaving the Rotonde today painting a little room in a
flat where soon I lay to rest my sometimes weary body.
Waiting in patients for a house to come on my way.
Many steps are ahead slowly my feet move almost standing still.
Now I liver now I move I hear my heart beating.
Now sings the song of joy the Buddha within .
Once more I came down once more I turned around to face you seeing my face
as wel .
Here I am soon here I was breathing on singing the song of birth in birth.
Sometimes in pain of labour

And the last few days I am spending at the Rotonde.
I look and I look I watch and I watch at young people at old people.
Mixed and muddled homeless jobless some wise some unwise others blowing
there way to a happy hight.
Whole families with children some with out there father not to forget Alfred my
genius friend with all his stories true or untrue.
And my writings go on why I do not know.
I love Alfred this wonderful mixed up man with whom I walked together down
town fitting him a pair of used shoes so he could walk again.
He told me that he lost his millions and also his familie there are many stories
like that here. Of which one never hears.
I see and look at Alfred playing guitar and singing songs that he learned so
long ago now all coming back each song holding a memory for him for me.
Burned deep down in our hearts showing it its face once again while his hands
finds the right setting playing the accords.
And his of key voice sings the songs his talents coming alive once more.
Also his knowledge of knowing so much would take a extra book to write.
I reach out my hand to this man Alfred and loaned him my guitar which a takes
to his bedroom I am his friend filling and taking a place in our lifes.
Is he not a other David Helfgott.
And so many other flowers I met some 25 years ago ?
Yes says my heart .

I have promised my self that this journey will be over the moment I turn the key of my new house and that key has not reached my hands as yet.

Instead I made almost a free choice to move in to the fidelio hof.

Where other guys are waiting and a room.

Today I paint this room together with John who now has a job as house master.

John is a wonderful guy also very creative doing drawings and sculpteres . yes

I couldd have taken a room alone somewhere yet I follow the wind that blows throu me.

The room in the house is beyond believe full with broken furniture a dying energie not one flower is visible am saying no to all of this and my heart says yes once more seeing that my heart can give birth to a flower.

Why oh why me here going there ?

Between all the happenings between all the lines I write I shortly met Marie with her little daughter Jesica her eyes full of tears.
Jesica finding love in my arms I listened what Maria had to say.
That she was told to leave the Netherlands.
And ma be leave little Jesica behind being born in Holland and no future in Columbia.
This si the system here is a Columbian women having left her country living with a dutch man who started to beat her up and if she keeps on living with this man she can stay. And he knows this so he can do almost anything with her.
And I saw her come in her body coverd with bruses.
Until she could stand it no longer.
And escaped to the Rotonde than goes to the police who tells her she must leave the country for no longer has she any rights to stay.
And jesica two years old can stay with her Dutch father.
Oh God where is justice how many more times must we beat this women.
Already on her head and in her neck now also in her heart.
I saw the tears well from her eyes they were my tears as wel.
Of anger of frustration of feeling helpless so very helpless.

While my river flows in a way of leaving the Rotonde last night Alfred left the place before I did.
 A guy a friend I loved so much turned mad with anger after a few to many irritations a few to many treads. The meeting we all held had to be closed or it would have turned in to a fight.
 But it the trouble went on under a full moon some started screaming go to your room quitly for Alfred has a pistol and wants to shoot every body.
 The staff not realy knowing what to do or what to believe called in a doctor who also did not know.
 And Alfred stayed in his room with or with out pistol still the Rotonde felt un save four other said that they saw him with a gun.
 So the police were called in and 4 man with bullet prove vest runn up the stairs in to his room but no wapon was to be found.
 And some time later Alfred was taken away and put in to a police car.
 I saw him leave from the kitchen window as they drove a way.
 Right or un right true or untrue no wapon was found not in the house not in the garden not on him.
 There went a good man now opening up his heart and soul to him self and all his surroundings. Playing wonderful music once more bringing back like I said so many memories at once which his brain was not able to handle.
 Like some young lady said to me standing at the kitchen window beside me as he was taken away he is now standing in his feelings.
 I have been told by the staff that he will be taken back to Sun and Shield a psygiatric hospital.
 If this is so it may be better for him.
 My guitar now stands against the wall in my room I look at it is mine on this long and weary in tents journey .
 I placed it many times in the hands of Alfred who turned it in to a song for me and many others the song of his life.
 By so many misunderstood also by him. On his feet a new pair of shoes we both got for him last saterday.
 The shoes walked him out of here last night.
 Walking lifes path walking lifes way.
 Shoes are made for walking.
 Go Alfred my friend walk in peace.

Beloved

3-2-1999

**Yesterday oh yesterday you gave birth in the night as well as the day.
Painting my room with John pure white in Fidelia hof.
The feeling of zen filled my heart with being painting my way on the service of
the walls creating a lotus in the mud.
Purity reflected my eyesight accepting what has come on my way.
Now one step closer to once more a house or a flat.
In this crazy system of Holland where first you have to be homeless to get a
home. Waiting waiting applying .
Once more I looked at furniture and a bed and I found some.**

I walked in shops looking at prices for sheets pillars and blankets and how nice they all bring new life in to my life.
Growth in growth the river flows on my path once more reaching for the ocean shore me catching her ways of loving drowning in her simplicity.
Carriing a bucket ful of paint across town and back on the bus.
Joking with John at home the artist drawing as he says a zen man a men of zen tasting light in and around him a spirell in growth in wind and rain on his new bike he rides repairing things houses people and himself.
John is a house master.